

THE

# SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

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## CHRONICLE.

The Royal Family.

THE Tower Bridge was opened this day week by the PRINCE OF WALES, who was accompanied by all the available members of his family, in splendid weather, and with a completeness of ceremonial worthy of the Corporation of London (long may it flourish!) Subsequently the LORD MAYOR received a baronetcy, and other persons concerned had other distinctions.

The Princess LOUISE distributed the certificates at the Academy of Music on Monday, when the Institute of British Architects held their dinner.

On Tuesday, the two hundredth anniversary of the founding of Greenwich Hospital, HER MAJESTY reviewed at Windsor the boys of the Hospital School, to the number of about 1,000. The PRINCESS OF WALES, accompanied by the PRINCE and her daughters, opened the new Home for Incurables at Streatham; and the Duke of YORK laid the first stone of a new Cripplegate Institute.

Lords and Commons. Yesterday week in both Houses information was given as to the termination of the rather awkward incident in the Transvaal. The Boers (who, it must be confessed, have behaved by no means ill in this matter, which is more than can be said of the Colonial Office) had agreed not to "commandeer" any more English subjects, but to grant most-favoured-nation treatment to them. It had also been arranged that the Swaziland Convention should be prolonged for six months, in order to give the Swazis a chance of reconciling themselves to the sweetness of Boer rule.

Lords. After receiving the information above summarized, the Lords had a set debate on the closing of the Indian Mints, Lord LEVEN attacking, Lord LANSDOWNE defending, and various official or ex-official peers on both sides supporting the measure. Then they advanced a Bill or two.

Commons. "It was Budget, Budget all the way" in the Commons after question-time, and the Government was occasionally conciliatory.

Lords and Commons. On Monday the LORD STEWARD in the Upper and Mr. SPENCER in the Lower House, brought up HER MAJESTY'S replies to last week's addresses.

Commons. The rest of the business in the Lords was mostly routine; but the Commons had matters of importance in reference to the Finance Bill, the new clause which was to satisfy the objections of the Colonies, and the recommittal necessitated by the sharp practice of the Government on the Spirit duties coming on. The former was not opposed, but it was sharply criticized, and it is by no means certain that it will not lead to difficulties. In the latter case a debate, spirited, though of no great length, ended in a division and a majority for the Government of 13—their smallest yet, and probably the smallest that any Government has ever lived on. Between the two Sir JOHN LUBBOCK made a fruitless attempt to do a little good to the unfortunate person who is taxed on an income that he does not possess, and Mr. BYRNE was equally unsuccessful in trying to save British picture collections from imminent danger of the hammer at each death of an owner. Some other incidents and the recommittal saw the Budget through the Committee stage at last.

Lords. On Tuesday, during the course of business in the Upper House, Lord BELMORE returned to the subject of Irish Tithe Rent Charge Redemption, and obtained the promise of some information.

Commons. The Lower House was occupied with the Army Estimates, dealing in particular with the Medical Department, the Militia, and the Yeomanry. The vote for the latter having been stopped by Sir WILFRID LAWSON, Gladstonians have had the audacity to complain of the subsequent blocking of the Parochial Electors Bill.

The Yeomanry vote was got (notwithstanding a division) on Wednesday, and the Volunteers and Transport were under discussion.

Lords. The Lords were occupied on Thursday with the Bishop of LONDON'S Licensing Bill, which received little lay support, and was thrown out by 49 to 20.

Commons. The Commons were once more busy with the Army Estimates.

Politics out of Parliament. A deputation waited on Mr. GARDNER yesterday week in reference to foreign meat; and certainly, if the secrets of all meat-hooks were revealed, "South Down" would be translated into "South Sea" to a rather curious extent.



The Attercliffe nomination took place on Monday, all three candidates—Unionist, Gladstonian, and Labour—presenting themselves.

On Wednesday Mr. ACLAND presided at a Gladstonian Conference at Oxford, and was very angry with the House of Lords; which, indeed, must be a singularly inconvenient obstacle in the way of the plan of not merely secularizing "public" education, but hamstringing the voluntary schools. The probably well-meaning persons who compose the International Arbitration Association met under the presidency of Sir JOHN LUBBOCK; but somehow Sir JOHN does not seem to us quite in place at the head of the LAWSONS and the BIRRELLS. Mr. JUSTIN MCCARTHY entertained the Nationalists of Forest Gate with a very candid and interesting account of the relations of his party to the Government.

It was also announced on Wednesday that the *Scottish Leader*, which had been started after the Home Rule schism as the Edinburgh Gladstonian daily, would cease to appear. The paper was conducted with sufficient ability; it was uncompromisingly Gladstonian in its own views, and it was very useful as a mirror of the thought, style, and sense of its party; but, apparently, that party in Scotland could not, or would not, support it.

The seat at Attercliffe was kept by the Gladstonians, Mr. LANGLEY, their candidate, beating both his opponents. The result, disappointing to Unionists, should not be very cheerful to Gladstonians themselves who are not mere partisans. For the numbers show conclusively that the Labour candidate took votes almost equally from both sides; and the inference is not consoling.

**Foreign and Colonial Affairs.** This day week reports came of a great dinner at Ottawa, given by the Canadian Government to the International Conference. Mr. BOWELL had been the chief speaker on the part of the hosts, and Lord JERSEY on that of the guests. HER MAJESTY had written with her own hand to Mme. CARNOT; and it was said the assassination was not an individual, but a concerted, crime. There was a great exodus of Italians from France. In Italy itself the Government financial proposals had been carried at last. There was a great train strike in the Western States of America, which had begun in the boycotting of Pullman cars, but had not stopped there.

The funeral of M. CARNOT took place on Sunday with great state and full religious ceremonies, the crowds attending being enormous and many accidents happening from heat and falls. The new PRESIDENT had requested the DUPUY Cabinet to remain in office, and it had consented. In New Zealand a State measure of guarantee for the Bank of New Zealand was passed in a day "to prevent calamity." There had been fighting in the Straits Settlements against the troublesome Pahang rebels, with some loss on our side, but more on theirs. Indian news was not good in the way of religious disturbances. An Italian newspaper editor had been mortally stabbed in almost exactly the same manner as President CARNOT, the assassin escaping. There appeared to be real danger of trouble between China and Japan in Corea.

On Tuesday morning the French were reported much pleased at a certainly amiable act of the German EMPEROR, who had remitted the heavy sentence passed on certain French spies in token of sympathy with recent events. They themselves had dropped the prosecution of the Archbishop of LYONS, who had attended the President in his last moments. In Germany some regulations intended to check the intolerable tyranny of non-commissioned officers in the army were published, and the American Railway strike, Corea, the Intercolonial meeting, and other things filled up the tale.

Wednesday's news gave M. CASIMIR PÉRIER's first Presidential Message, which, while not free from what the French politely call "emphasis," was correct, firm, and not at all blatant. The Socialists attempted to prevent its immediate reception, but were defeated by 450 to 77. Mme. CARNOT had refused the pension offered her, and the PRESIDENT had held his first diplomatic reception. The United States Government was lending troops freely to put down the railway strike. The POPE's health was said to be failing. In consequence of action taken by the German EMPEROR, a German officer high in the Turkish service had been dismissed for alleged disrespect to the German Ambassador—a proceeding of very doubtful wisdom, justice, or dignity.

It was reported on Thursday that Russia was going to consider the Anglo-Italian convention about Harrar null and void—a matter of no great importance in itself, but another feather *not* in the cap of Lord KIMBERLEY as a diplomatist. The United States Senate had passed the Tariff Bill. The Railway strike and Corea were still awkward.

We learnt yesterday morning that in France M. BURDEAU had been elected President of the Chamber. More Anarchist assassinations were reported from Italy, and the strike leaders in the United States were very truculent.

**Appointments.** On this day week the appointment of Lord RUSSELL of Killowen to the Lord Chief-Justiceship (which, by a very curious coincidence, had remained pending almost as long as his last promotion) was announced; and if prominence at the Bar, joined to unhesitating devotion to a political party and considerable knowledge of life, will make a Chief Justice, Lord RUSSELL should be a good one. The more modest appointment of Canon AINGER to the Mastership of the Temple in the room of Dr. VAUGHAN is emphatically right.

**Convocation.** In Convocation on Tuesday both Houses passed an address of congratulation on the birth of the Duke of YORK's son, and some motions in reference to Disestablishment were debated. On Wednesday the chief subject of discussion was Sunday opening.

**The Case of Sir W. W. Wynn.** Some weeks ago, when Sir WATKIN W. W. WYNN was fined for cruelty to his horse in the hunting-field, we made here remarks on the subject which drew down upon us vials of wrath from some who might be wise but had not looked into the case, and from others who might have looked into the case but were not wise. Last Tuesday it was reheard, on appeal, at Quarter Sessions, and the conviction was reversed with costs. One of our indignant censors, we remember, protested against "one law for the rich and one for the poor." That this was precisely what had been applied at the first hearing, and that the magistrates would never have convicted if Sir WATKIN had been JOHN JONES, tinker, was precisely what we knew and our good friends did not.

**Meetings and Dinners.** This day week the Duke and Duchess of DEVONSHIRE gave away the prizes at the Warehousemen and Clerks Schools, while the Master of Trinity addressed the past and present students of Queen's College for Ladies.

On Tuesday the Hausa or Houssa Association met to recommend a very worthy object—the promotion of the study of the language of these peoples, who are mostly under our influence on the Niger, and who furnish us with more useful auxiliaries, perhaps, than any other native races except the Sikhs. The Salvation Army held a corroboree at the Crystal Palace, and the Royal Academy a reception at Burlington House.

On Wednesday the LORD MAYOR entertained the Bishops at the Mansion House, where (the Archbishop of YORK being the chief speaker among the guests in



the absence of his brother of CANTERBURY) the present attacks on the Church were dealt with and condemned. The "trial of the Pyx," with the usual sequel of a Goldsmiths' dinner, took place, and the summer evening fête of the Botanic Society was held.

Mr. BALFOUR spoke at a meeting of the Working Boys' Home on Thursday, where the Duke of FIFE presided. The Bethnal Green Oxford House had a meeting on the same day.

**Correspondence.** Many letters were published, this day week, from Mr. STEVENSON, on Samoa; from Mr. GEORGE THOMSON, in reference to the strange rejection of a lithograph at the Royal Academy; from Mr. WILFRID BLUNT, pointing out that NUBAR Pasha was a foreigner (like Mr. WILFRID BLUNT) in Egypt, but not a friend of the fellah, like him; from Archdeacon FARRAR about Archdeacon FARRAR; and from the Reverend Dr. JOSEPH PARKER, showing how it is quite right that Nonconformity should be endowed, however wicked endowment may be in the case of the Church.

On Tuesday was printed one of the most weightily signed letters ever published on such a subject, from the friends and relations of those Christ Church undergraduates who had suffered from the arbitrary conduct of the authorities.

Next day Archdeacon PALMER contributed a formal acknowledgment, in the Dean's absence, of this letter; and Canon SCOTT HOLLAND a very characteristic attempt at a reply to it.

**Sales.** Two great sales took place this day week—that of the QUEEN'S Hampton Court Stud, and that of Mr. ADRIAN HOPE'S pictures. The former fetched rather more than 24,000*l.*, and the latter nearly 50,000*l.* No single prices in the first case were very noticeable; the most so in the second were 4,700 guineas for the REMBRANDT "Nicholas Ruts," 3,500 for GERARD Dow's "Flute-player," 3,000 for a HOBBEEMA, and 2,900 for the exquisite "Head of a Girl," by GREUZE.

A still greater racing sale—that of the Duchess of MONTROSE'S stud—took place on Monday, a total of nearly forty-five thousand pounds being reached, and some very high individual prices. The most noteworthy of these was 4,100 guineas for the yearling filly Roquebrune. An interesting incident was the selling back of Jannette, one of the late Lord FALMOUTH'S best mares, to the present holder of the title. Nor did this exhaust the exchanges of thoroughbred stock during the week.

**The London County Council.** At the meeting of the London County Council the Chairman, Sir JOHN HUTTON, like a "very parfit knight," declined to move an address of congratulation to HER MAJESTY, leaving the duty to Mr. BOULNOIS, by whom it was discharged. A person of the name of B. COOPER, emulous of *le nommé* KEIR HARDIE, moved the previous question. It is not often that we compliment the present House of Commons, knowing how bad flattery is for public bodies; but it is worth observing that, while not a single M.P. seconded B. COOPER'S great exemplar, B. COOPER found nine supporters.

**Strikes.** At the end of last week the cabmen, or at least their agitators, were growling over the HOME SECRETARY'S award to growlers, and were still picketing certain hansom yards.

The Scotch coal strikes continued, while across the Atlantic the railway strike was spreading and growing dangerous.

A very bad case of alleged violence by Union cabmen towards a "blackleg" came before a coroner's jury last Monday. The evidence was somewhat incomplete, but there was unluckily no doubt about the death, and next to none that it was due to violence.

The kind of sulky "I won't play" which Mr.

PICKARD and his dupes call dignity has been kept up on the English Conciliation Board, which the men still refuse to attend.

**The Law Courts.** The proposed regulations for the General Council of the Bar were published this day week, when some curious cases resulting from the action of the Lord's Day Observance people were heard.

The so-called TOWNLEY estates claim brought about an odd complication of criminal proceedings this week. One man was convicted on the evidence and complaint of another and sentenced to five years' penal servitude; but the judge made such strong remarks against the witness and complainant that he in his turn was arrested.

On Tuesday a new HARNESS case—BRASER *v.* HARNESS—began for the possible delight of the singular persons who are not sick of the subject; the trial of BRALL the Anarchist came on at the Central Criminal Court; and the amusing, but hitherto rather one-sided, cutting-off game of the Water Companies was slightly interfered with by a fine of 1*2l.* on the Lambeth Company for an exploit of this nature.

BRALL, who is either a most unfortunate or a most fortunate man, was acquitted, through want of evidence or weakness of law, on Wednesday; when two fellows who had used violent language about "Royal vermin" at the Tower Bridge opening appeared at the police court.

**Yachting.** The *Satanita* not having been able to get round in time to Liverpool, the *Britannia* had only the *Iverna* to beat in the Mersey Regatta yesterday week, and did so easily. Next day saw a good race between her and the *Satanita*, with the same result.

The Largs Regatta was of great interest. On Tuesday the *Valkyrie* came out for the first time after her American trip to oppose her old rivals, the *Britannia* and *Satanita*. The latter broke something and gave up, but the PRINCE'S cutter had much the better of Lord DUNRAVEN'S.

The fight (the *Satanita*'s "things" being still not to rights) was renewed next day, and the superiority of the *Britannia* seemed to be clearly established; the question of her relations to the *Valkyrie*'s American conqueror, the *Vigilant*, now in England, thus becoming more interesting than ever.

The Mudhook regatta on Thursday, at which the *Vigilant* was to appear, promised great excitement, and gave more than it promised. For, in taking up position, the *Satanita*, by no fault of her own, but trying to avoid a small boat, rammed the *Valkyrie*, and sent her to the bottom, Lord DUNRAVEN and the crew only just escaping. But, despite this misfortune, the race was fought out finely between the *Britannia* and the American, the former of which beat her antagonist, for all her centreboard below and her enormous spread of canvas aloft, fairly and squarely by more than half a minute, without time allowance.

**Racing.** It had been rather hoped that the PRINCE OF WALES'S Florizel II., who had run so well at Ascot the week before, would win the valuable Clarence and Avondale Stakes at Sandown yesterday week. But his penalties were too much for him, and he could not get nearer than third, Lady Minting winning.

The July Stakes, the chief race of the first day of the Newmarket First July Meeting, fell, as was expected, to Kirkconell, who won with ease from Golden Blaze and St. Johann.

Of Wednesday's racing nothing need be said, but Thursday provided, in the rich Princess of Wales's Stakes, by far the most interesting race of this year. For Ladas had there to meet the best three horses of

last year—Isinglass, Ravensbury, and Raeburn—besides Bullingdon and two outsiders. The result was a triumph of NEMESIS, who showed that she could look to things on the Clyde and at Newmarket at the same time. For Lord ROSEBURY'S horse not only could not beat Isinglass, who won by a head, but was far behind Bullingdon, who justified the hopes entertained just before the Derby by giving his four-year-old opponent, perhaps the best horse in England, as much as he could do to carry his weight home.

**Cricket.** In the very best of cricket weather (supposing the necessary salamandrine quality in players and lookers-on) many matches were performed in the second half of last week. The scores were not quite so high as earlier, wickets having had time to become worn. This was especially the case at Lord's, where Oxford in their last trial match were beaten, but by no means badly, by a strong M.C.C. team. Mr. FORBES bowled extremely well. But most of the matches went over into Saturday, to the great joy of the deserving persons who can only see cricket on that afternoon, and seldom get a chance. Eton beat Winchester by five wickets, at Winchester itself; the home team not making a very brilliant display, though Mr. G. GIBSON both hit and bowled well. For Eton Mr. C. PILKINGTON did most with the bat and not a little with the ball, with which Mr. CUNLIFFE was also excellent. Surrey had the better of Sussex by six wickets, the biggest score being once more BROCKWELL'S, though he did not reach the hundred. Kent won from Lancashire by thirty runs, in a good and even match; and Yorkshire made rather an example of Essex. Gloucestershire—Dr. GRACE again doing mighty things—disposed of South Africa; and Sandhurst overthrew Woolwich.

The anticipations that the scores in the University match would be large were well fulfilled on the first day, when Oxford ran up 338, including 100 not out from Mr. FRY, their captain, and two dashing innings from Messrs. MORDAUNT and PHILLIPS. Cambridge, the Oxford bowling going rather more wrong than its own, made 67 for two wickets.

Tuesday was a very bad day for Cambridge, whose batting fell off, while the Oxford bowling improved remarkably. Thanks to Messrs. BATHURST and BARDSWELL, the Cambridge men were got out for 222, had to follow on, and were again dismissed for 200. The Oxford fielding was not quite so good as it might have been; but two consecutive innings on such a July day are no joke. Thus, when stumps were drawn, Oxford had 85 to make and an innings to make it in, an easy task, but not a certainty, considering the "neurosis" incident to University matches.

Neurosis, however, held off, and on Wednesday morning the required number was hit up with the loss of only two wickets, and Oxford won by eight.

Meanwhile there was some good county cricket going on, Mr. JACKSON making a magnificent 145 for Yorkshire against Notts; while Lancashire and Derbyshire played an interesting match, which Lancashire just won by 14 runs. Yorkshire "closed" their innings with a great advantage, which Notts could not recover, being beaten by over two hundred.

**Games.** Cambridge was successful against Oxford at Tennis in both the Single and Double matches this week.

**Healey.** The most interesting part of the rowing at Henley, which began on Wednesday in magnificent weather, was the sculling, wherein the brothers NICKALLS distinguished themselves greatly against the invaders; Mr. VIVIAN beating the Frenchman, M. BOUDIN, and Mr. GUY the Canadian, Mr. RYAN. Another colonist, Mr. WRIGHT, however, won his heat. The family luck continued next day, when

Mr. WRIGHT and Mr. GUINNESS succumbed to the brothers, who were left to fight it out on Friday.

**Miscellaneous.** A great gift by Mr. LUDWIG MOND to the Royal Institution was announced on Monday, consisting of the adjoining house in Albemarle Street, with ample endowment for turning it into and keeping it up as a laboratory.

A very lively and interesting history of a gunboat and a trawler diversified Tuesday's papers.

**Obituary.** Lord CHARLES RUSSELL was once very well known as Serjeant-at-Arms—a position which he held for nearly thirty years; and Mr. OCTAVIUS OGLE was a resident Oxonian of old standing and good deserts.

Mr. O'NEILL DAUNT was a well-known and not ill-thought-of, if not a very wise, Irishman, who had been secretary to O'CONNELL, and had lived up to the position.

Sir HENRY LAYARD was not a man to be dismissed in a few lines, more particularly because defects and qualities were strangely mixed in him, and because he was bitterly obnoxious to a certain political party. The service he did to England by putting her in the forefront of Assyrian discovery was great, and his objects in the Russo-Turkish war sixteen years since were the right ones, though his methods were not always judicious.

#### THE FINANCE BILL—AND AFTER!

THE CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER has got his Finance Bill through Committee, and some of his Radical supporters are said to be contemplating his entertainment at a dinner to commemorate the feat. There is something eminently characteristic of the earnest young Parliamentary man of "advanced" views in this project. That remarkable politician is a curious compound of the youthful enthusiast and the adult advertiser. In him the wisdom of the serpent most efficiently corrects the harmlessness of the dove, and, at the point at which his simple belief in the greatness of the great "democratic Budget" comes to an end, its place is supplied by the shrewd conviction that it will pay with the democracy to feign an excessive admiration for the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER'S work. Our own opinion of that financial exploit was pronounced at a very early period of its history, and we have never seen any reason to modify it. In its original character as an "ingenious" but legitimate plan of providing for the finances of the year, we pointed out at once that it would not bear the briefest examination, and so the event has proved. Its ingenuity was speedily shown in debate to be merely an ingenuity of dodge, and the supposed legitimacy of its methods was found to inhere only in Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT'S description of them. This description, however, he promptly abandoned on discovering that he had to choose between the barren honour of having devised an equitable Budget and the substantial electioneering advantage, as he obviously considers it, of having taken a new departure in "democratic," or, to quote Sir JOHN LUBBOCK'S justly discriminating correction, "demagogic" finance. This advantage, whatever it may be worth, we quite admit that he has secured, and we own that, to the extent of it, the jubulations of his Socialistic and semi-Socialistic followers are not unwarranted. In the provision with regard to the increase and graduation of the Death duties Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT has taken the plunge from which every Chancellor of the Exchequer before him has shrunk. He has laid down a principle which, though he audaciously claims for it the support of "every political writer of authority," has been condemned with equal decision by Republican statesmen



like THIERS, and Radical economists like the late Professor FAWCETT; and in so doing he has embarked the financial policy of the country upon a literally shoreless sea of confiscation. It is impossible but that the evil precedent of marking down the properties of the rich as arbitrarily taxable up to an amount limited only by the will and pleasure of the political party for the time being in power should bear fruit hereafter; and whatever glory or infamy the future development of the principle may earn for its inventor will unquestionably attach to the name and memory of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT.

To sum up the remaining exploits of the "great" democratic Budget and its author will not take long. In the first place, he has done his utmost to consummate the ruin of the agricultural interest, and to tax the already impoverished proprietor out of existence; and he has done this, in the pretended name of justice, by equalizing the Death duties on two classes of property, one of which already pays an annual sum of 29,000,000*l.* in meeting local burdens not a penny of which is borne by the other. In the next place, while professing to tax the rich man in proportion to his riches, he has been guilty of the ludicrous injustice of taxing the rich man's heirs, in proportion not to their own, but to somebody else's, wealth. Thirdly, he has, after attempting to tax colonial property, to the extreme indignation of the colonists, extricated himself from the difficulty by differentiating, in defiance of the most sacred economical dogma of his party, between the colonist and the foreigner in respect of liability to taxation. Fourthly, he has introduced an oppressive, inequitable, and most impolitic change in the position of husband and wife, considered as the successors to one another's property, and has altered for the worse the relation of the father to the child by imposing a tax which the rich man, who can provide for his children in his lifetime, can evade, but which the poor man, who must make such provision by way of life insurance, will be compelled to bear. Fifthly, he has so dealt with the executor of the future that that unhappy man, to quote Mr. BRODRICK's animated account of his position, will "retain all the duties at present imposed upon him"; will be "under heavy penalties to discover property affected by the Bill"; will "have his accounts kept open indefinitely for possible future aggregation"; will "pay duty when he has received nothing, and will carry on suits in the High Court with the Commissioners of Inland Revenue on speculation." And, lastly, the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, after having first increased the Beer and Spirit duties, on the pretence of balancing direct and indirect taxation, and having next assured the indirect taxpayer (who commands the most votes) that the new impost was really only direct taxation in disguise, and having then further endeavoured to conciliate him by promising that the tax should only be imposed for a year, has succeeded finally in squeezing it through Committee by 13 votes, the smallest of the many small majorities by which Ministers have at various times during the present Session escaped defeat.

It may be that to a jolly dog like the earnest young Parliamentary man of advanced views almost anything is excuse enough for a dinner, and, if so, he will perhaps really make up his mind to dine Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT on the strength of these achievements. But we can hardly fancy his Ministerial colleagues joining with any heartiness in the convivial project. For them the Session of 1894 must have been a singularly disappointing one, so far as it has gone, and they cannot see much chance, we should think, of improving its record, so far as they themselves and their own reputations are concerned. We are now at the end of the first week in July. The Report stage of the Budget Bill is to begin on Monday

next, and, judging from the number of dropped threads in the measure which will have to be picked up before the Bill can be read a third time, the discussion of the Bill, "as amended to be considered," must take several days at least to complete. In all probability it will be the middle of the present month before the House of Commons is finally rid of it; and but a few more weeks will then divide us from the time understood to have been fixed for bringing the Session to a close. How are these weeks to be disposed of, or rather how is that portion of them which will not be monopolized by the needs of Supply to be appropriated among the multitude of claimants to a share. A little while ago the very hopelessness of the position seemed to be operating, in a certain sense, to the relief of the Government. It looked almost as if the competitors who have been worrying Ministers to the point of madness throughout the Session had unanimously retired from the game in sheer weariness and disgust; that Welsh Disestablishers, English Radicals, and even Irish Nationalists, had resigned themselves to the idea of a "Budget Session," and were not going to press their little Bills upon the Government any more until next year. That appearance, however, was evidently delusive—a mere result of the languor bordering upon positive lethargy produced by the prolonged discussion of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's financial scheme. The approaching withdrawal of Mr. MELLOR from the Chair is acting upon the Ministerialists like the coming of PROMETHEUS to our suffering race. It "wakes the legions of hopes" that have slept for the last three or four weeks in those "folded Elysian blooms" below the gangway on the Government side of the House; and, so far from that "rivalry for priority" of which Mr. MORLEY discoursed so airily at Newcastle having ceased, it has been rendered more acute by the accession of a new rival. Just as the Welshman and the Irishman and the English franchise-tinker are beginning once more to bestir themselves, and to see whether there may not be some legislative pickings to be had before the end of the Session after all, the Labour party has suddenly cut in with a most inconvenient demand for the redemption of the Ministerial pledge with respect to the Miners' Eight Hours Bill.

They chose their time, too, did these honest fellows, so diabolically well that an unhappy Government seems to have had no choice but to repeat and confirm to them with an oath, so to speak, the former promise. It is understood that on the eve of the polling for the Attercliffe Division of Sheffield HER MAJESTY'S distracted Ministers were called upon to bind themselves to "afford facilities for the further progress of the above-named measure during the present Session." What could these poor wood-hewers and water-carriers do but bind themselves accordingly? And what more natural than that the opponents of the measure, resenting this bold attempt to "rush" them at the very fag end of the Session, should have met, to the fatal number of forty, and organized a "protest," and called upon the Government to let the Eight Hours question alone, and be content with passing the Evicted Tenants Bill (with which, however, Mr. MORLEY seems to get no "forrarder" towards arranging a compromise with his opponents), and "possibly a portion of the Registration Bill"? On the whole, the scramble for the wretched scraps and orts of Ministerial time promises to be pretty brisk for the next few weeks; and though, in the present apathetic state of all parties, its results promise to be rather ludicrous than serious, yet with a majority like this—"one never knows."



## THE UNIVERSITY MATCH.

THE University match, after the appearance of the two Elevens at Lord's, was rather a foregone conclusion. Mr. GRACE, with many other gentlemen, had demonstrated the weakness of Cambridge bowling. Playing a stronger team of M.C.C., on a very difficult wicket, Oxford, though beaten, made a very good fight. Oxford was clearly better provided with bowlers, and if Cambridge might seem a trifle more powerful in batting, it was certain that Oxford did not spare loose balls. Winning the toss in splendid weather, Oxford at first made no great use of this advantage. Throughout they flattered the bowling by taking it too seriously. Mr. MITCHELL proved the most useful Cambridge bowler; he came swift and high off the pitch, and was rewarded by three catches at the wicket (Mr. W. DRUCE). Mr. ROBINSON slings in a fast but random ball. Mr. DOUGLAS probably needs a sticky wicket, and was very well played. Mr. GRAY is persevering, but not otherwise greatly gifted, and Mr. POPE is a fair type of uninspired Harrow bowling. Yet Mr. PALAIRET only made 18, slowly, and Mr. LEVESON-GOWER (15) was never at home, and missed many chances to cut. He was very well caught by Mr. FIELD at point from an extremely hard hit. For long the Cambridge fielding was so close and good that hardly a stroke could be got past them, and Mr. FOSTER (27) might almost as well have played between nets, so deftly were his hard hits stopped. Mr. MORDAUNT'S 41 was an accomplished innings; but Mr. FRY was in for half an hour for nothing. Mr. PHILLIPS, joining him, was less polite; he very soon hit up 78 from a succession of capital strokes. Mr. BATHURST, a steady bat, hit out at a half volley of Mr. ROBINSON, and was well caught and bowled for 4. Mr. RAIKES (29) now aided Mr. FRY, who played in a very stiff manner, much like Mr. GAME of old. Mr. FRY was 83 when Mr. BARDSWELL, a very fair bat, made a duck's egg; so did Mr. FORBES; and only Mr. LEWIS, the wicket-keeper, remained. Not leaning on such a broken reed, Mr. FRY hit three fours, a three, and a two, got his 100, and saw Mr. ROBINSON send Mr. LEWIS'S centre stump leaping in air. Twenty-six extras (nine were wides!) brought the score to 338, which Mr. FRY could have made himself if he had tried. Mr. FORBES began the Oxford bowling; he is very fast, was very erratic, bowled several no balls, and was punished in good style by Mr. DOUGLAS (31), who has an excellent cut. But Mr. BATHURST (medium left hand) got rid of Mr. MITCHELL, from whom much was expected, and Mr. FIELD, in his first over. Mr. BRUNTON (47) played the best innings of his party; Mr. LATHAM and Mr. PERKINS (21 and 23) showed a game not worthy of their merit, Mr. N. F. DRUCE made a valuable 39, and the score reached 222. Except Mr. BRUNTON, no one displayed much spirit.

The fielding was hardly so elegant as that of Cambridge. Mr. FRY bowled a number of good balls, but got no wickets in the match. Mr. LEWIS'S wicket-keeping rather fell off; his hands, it is said, are not of iron, and they suffered a good deal. Mr. BRUNTON'S excellent 66 was the best innings for Cambridge, when they followed on. The bowling was excellently managed; Mr. BATHURST was rather unlucky, but Mr. BARDSWELL, who has much change of pace, and whose balls came very quick off the ground, with a great deal of break, got six wickets. He was never demoralized. Mr. FRY made three admirable catches in the slips; one, very low and swift, was really remarkable. Mr. FORBES caught Mr. BRUNTON well, under the Pavilion; Mr. BARDSWELL tempting the batsman with a half-volley. Two or three catches were missed; one, at point, looked easy enough from

the Pavilion. Mr. MITCHELL (28) seemed ill at ease, and not himself.

With only 87 to get on Wednesday, Oxford were safe. Mr. PALAIRET secured 38, Mr. LEVESON-GOWER 15; the rest were made up by Mr. FOSTER and Mr. MITCHELL—both not out.

There was very little excitement in the match, except when Mr. FRY woke up, and showed what he can do if he likes. It is certain that Messrs. MITCHELL, LATHAM, and PERKINS played "beneath themselves"; while Mr. PHILLIPS and Mr. BRUNTON were quite at their best. We have seldom or never seen Cambridge so weak in bowling; a good deal, on the other hand, may be expected from Mr. BATHURST and Mr. BARDSWELL. As cricket is Mr. FRY'S "worst game," his general athletic excellence may be estimated easily. He was let off at 78 from a hard hit. What Mr. V. HILL would have done with the Cambridge bowling "tis better only guessing."

## THE OTTAWA CONFERENCE.

THE meeting of Colonial Delegates at Ottawa is an event with which patriotic Englishmen may well be satisfied. It is at least the indirect result of the London Conference of 1887, and is a proof that there does exist a sense of community of interest in all parts of the Empire. The union of the parts with one another can only be maintained by their common bond with the mother-country. We can, indeed, conceive of such a thing as a league of the colonies to put pressure on the Home Government. It is, no doubt, possible that they should unite to demand something which would not be compatible with the interests of England. But, though this is a conceivable danger, it is not so real as to outweigh the undoubted good there is in the fact that the colonies do act in the belief that they form parts of the same State, and have an interest in coming to friendly arrangements among themselves. Therefore, without too hastily concluding that every decision reached by the Conference will be acceptable to the mother-country, or even practical, we may yet consider it a wholesome sign that any such meeting has taken place at all.

While we are waiting to hear the results at which it has arrived, it is well to remember that this is a purely colonial Conference. It has not been called together by the Imperial Government, and at first it does not appear to have been contemplated that the Imperial Government should be asked to join. The representative sent out by the Crown will have been present merely as a witness. What we have to look for, then, is some statement on the part of the colonies on what they expect from the mother-country, what they are prepared to give in return, and what they ask from one another. This last will not be the least important part of the work of the Conference. The clauses in the Australian Constitutions hampering preferential relations with other colonies figure among the subjects mentioned in the President's Address at least as prominently as "cable, steamship, and postal communications on lines exclusively British." Indeed, the Conference began its work by discussing "reciprocal trade between the colonies." Wisely enough, it was decided that "The proposals considered shall only be made public when definite conclusions have been reached." The announcement may probably not be made for some time. It is a hopeful sign that the Conference is obviously resolved to keep steadily to business, and to abstain from discussing Imperial politics or policy further than they affect the material welfare of the colonies. Except to those who insist on looking at the whole question as one of sentiment, it is obvious that any approach to Imperial

Federation must follow, and not precede, a practical union based on considerations of material welfare. The result of the discussion on Mr. SUTTOR's proposal to recommend the laying down of a Pacific cable, to be wholly under British control, shows that it is much easier to start suggestions of that kind than to settle them. The colonial delegates have declined to commit themselves to anything till they know what it will cost. In the meantime the Imperial Government is to be asked to make the necessary surveys. As the Imperial Government alone has the machinery for carrying out the work the request is reasonable. We presume that the Colonies are prepared to bear a portion of the expense, and that the Home Government will be allowed a say proportionate to the importance of its share in carrying out the scheme.

The results at which the Conference arrives in its discussion of "reciprocal trade between the colonies" will be waited for with interest, and also with some anxiety. It will be difficult not to pass from trade between the colonies to trade between them and the mother-country. But that is an immense question, or rather complicated mass of questions, which can hardly be touched without stirring many matters which had better be left alone. At the same time, something will be gained if the colonies can arrive at any coherent statement of what they want, and, we repeat it, of what they are prepared to give. This latter is a very essential part indeed of any proposal to modify the commercial policy of the last half-century. Hitherto it has unfortunately been all but uniformly wanting in any scheme which has come under our notice. There is, however, always a possibility that the colonial Governments will not propose to alter the present condition of things, which leaves them free to impose Protective duties on the exports of the mother-country, while securing them an absolutely free access to her markets.

#### THE CHRIST CHURCH SCANDAL.

WE have at different times referred more or less briefly to the singular events which for the last two months or so have attracted attention to the College or House of Christ Church in the University of Oxford. But the letter which appeared in the *Times* of Tuesday, signed by the Duke of BUCCLEUCH and others—a document to which, for combined weight of signatures and curiosity of subject, we do not remember many parallels—seems to require somewhat fuller treatment. We have, indeed, observed a tendency in some quarters to echo the words of DAVID, and say, "Why trouble ye us any more with your matters?" But if this is serious (and there might be one or two different explanations of it) it is hardly wise. Christ Church is the largest and the richest of Oxford colleges; it shares with Trinity at Cambridge a position—not approached by any other institution in either University, much less by any elsewhere—as a nursery of statesmen; and it is a little absurd to dismiss the home of SOUTH and LOCKE, of GAISFORD and PUSEY, as a mere centre of aristocratic idleness and debauchery. It is not in the public interest that a single Englishman, much more a considerable number of Englishmen, should be treated with injustice; it is infinitely to the public disadvantage that such an institution as this should pass "under a cloud." Most people who have paid any attention to the subject know that it is very easy to put a great school or a great college in that position, and infinitely difficult to get it out again.

The facts have been fully detailed in the daily newspapers, and there is the less need to recount them here that there is very little dispute about them. The

first tableau was a row or a series of rows of a kind almost endemic in certain learned societies, though unknown or rare at others, and by no means so very terrible in the symptomatic way as some good people appear to think. College "hay-making" is not the perfection of wisdom, and breaking windows in particular is neither an intellectual nor a passionately blissful pastime. But it is whispered that men who have indulged in it have not always brought the grey hairs of their sires in sorrow to the grave, and have even done Church and State and Arts and Letters some service afterwards. Tableau number two was of much more importance. Men were "sent down," or, as statutes and novels say, rusticated, by dozens, not because of their participation in acts which make the heart of the glazier (unless he contracts) to sing with joy, but expressly and admittedly, although they had not taken part in these acts. Others experienced a similar fate for putting cards with "Apartments to Let" in the windows of their exiled friends, a sufficiently childish deed, perhaps, but one which on no conceivable system of rational severity can deserve the same punishment as a distinct moral offence or a gross breach of discipline. Nor has any intelligible vindication of this strange conduct been vouchsafed, even though the Dean and his advisers have by no means held their tongues on the matter—a letter of Mr. HOOLE's on Thursday though fairly sensible and temperate being mostly beside the matter. "Gating" is really a severer punishment, judged by the suffering of the criminal, in the summer term than rustication; it is usual in the case, but it was not resorted to. And the authorities who would in any case have laid themselves open to the suspicion of making an opportunity which they wished to find have practically admitted it by Dean PAGET's strange acknowledgment of his "principles" of condemnation. There was once another Dean who boasted that he had "hindered a man of his pardon" because he was "a rogue and deserved hanging for something else." The sometime Dean of St. Patrick's was a very great man. But we wish the present Dean of Christ Church had emulated SWIFT in his literature, and not in his theory of punishment.

No one, we suppose, wishes to bear hardly on Dr. PAGET. Succession to power is never more trying than when the predecessor has exercised it with a very unusual combination of experience and authority. There may be—there is in such cases very likely to be—special need for reform; and yet reform must needs be specially ungracious and unpopular. But there is all the more reason that it should give no handles whatever to reasonable protest. In this case we fear there can be no doubt that handle has been given for protests which are quite irresistible. If what is openly whispered is true—that the Dean and his advisers have seized, or made, an occasion for "sending down" wholesale, in order to disperse or cow a set which they have found not amenable to their discipline, we fear that they have only confessed themselves to be bad disciplinarians and worse justiciaries. If, as some (especially Canon SCOTT HOLLAND, in a letter of characteristic unctuousness and unreason) have hinted, they wish to break the Christ Church tradition altogether, they are doing the University and, what is more, the State, a very ill service. It would have been a bad time (had it ever existed except in Radical imaginations) when poor and studious men were discouraged at the Universities; but we do not know that it would be a better if rich and not very studious men found the gates of Oxford and Cambridge shut in their faces. You do not unbarbarize your barbarians by condemning them to the wilderness; and we fear that the profane will add that you go far to make your Promised Land a country of smugs and prigs by doing so. But, leaving that as a matter of private but very



decided opinion, we may conclude by adding one thing. Not even if the end were to make Christ Church a close college for Board Schools, to people Peckwater with pupil-teachers, and make Mercury a wash-pot for wasters, would this end justify the means of "decreeing" injustice by a law which Dean PAGET seems to have practised, to have avowed, and almost to have gloried in.

#### A VENERABLE PAIR.

A FEATURE which, a few years since, was conspicuous in the newspapers has disappeared from them. At the conclusion of a great debate the division lists, followed by a long tail of "pairs," used to be promptly published and eagerly scrutinized. Local politicians were anxious to know how their members had voted, or, if they had not voted, whether they had paired, and on which side and with whom. Not even the few newspapers which report—perhaps we ought to speak in the singular number, and say the solitary newspaper which reports—the debates now think it necessary to extricate the division lists from the Parliamentary papers with which they are duly issued. They would be the least attractive of copy. "Our Lobby Correspondent" has superseded the compilers of these records as completely as the descriptive reporter, who simply puts down the by-play of Parliament, and who treats the doings of members as the Society journalist treats a private view at the Royal Academy or a first night at the Lyceum, has superseded on the staff of nearly every newspaper the steady-going old summary-writer of the days when the House of Commons was treated as a serious institution. The reason for the change is obvious. Formerly there was some real uncertainty in many cases, and on particular questions, as to how a member would vote. Party discipline existed in those days, but it had not degenerated into the abject party servitude which has taken its place. It was never quite certain in instances more numerous than would now be credible into which division list a member would go until he had actually entered it. The men most carefully shadowed might at the very last moment break off from the "Ayes to the right," and join themselves with the "Noes to the left." Now, no one wants to know how a member has voted, because every one knows how he must have voted. The elements of uncertainty can be counted on the fingers of both hands. They consist of the nine Parnellite members and of Mr. KEIR HARDIE. As to the rest, the question is not of a man's state of mind, but of his state and place of body. The division-list is affected mainly by the sick-list or by the railway time-table. Now and then a Radical brewer—Mr. WHITEHEAD, for example—may, like his celebrated ancestor, be distracted between devotion to his beer with an *e* and condemnation to his bier (in the political sense) with an *i*, or a small-majority Unionist may be seduced into clumsy and shamefaced trimming; but these vagaries are rare and shortlived.

Nevertheless, the human interest has not altogether disappeared, even from the machine-made politics of our time. The "personal equation" is not wholly eliminated from it. It appeared in the following announcement recently made with respect to one of the divisions on the Finance Bill:—"Mr. GLADSTONE was, as usual, paired with Mr. VILLIERS." Probably that pairing will continue through what remains of the present Parliament. But it will not survive in another. Mr. GLADSTONE has let it be known that he will not again offer himself to the constituency of Midlothian, and of course he will not accept election elsewhere, of which a hint would, no doubt, leave him a plurality of constituencies to choose between. Mr. VILLIERS still

sits for Wolverhampton, which as a whole, or as now in one of its divisions, he has represented continuously since 1835. In his ninety-third year Mr. VILLIERS is intellectually as clear and strong as he was when the terse eloquence which Mr. DISRAELI has commemorated was too rarely heard in the House. It would be a creditable thing if the constituency of South Wolverhampton should insist on retaining unbroken, except by death, the connexion which has conferred distinction upon it. This would be the crown of a political fidelity without modern parallel, a fidelity which is in contrast as strong with Mr. GLADSTONE'S flights from constituency to constituency as the terseness and infrequency of Mr. VILLIERS'S oratory are with the turgidity and incessancy of his illustrious "pair." The source of these apposite qualities and fortunes lies very deep in the characters of the two men, to which it would be far beyond our present scope to attempt to trace them. Something also is due to circumstances. The tendencies of opinion and of legislation have, whether for good or evil, lain in the development of the political and economic doctrines which Mr. CHARLES VILLIERS early imbibed. He was one of the young men of birth and brains who, under the influence of CHARLES AUSTIN at Cambridge, and afterwards of JOHN MILL in London, became steeped in the doctrines of ADAM SMITH in political economy, and of BENTHAM in jurisprudence, to which both Mr. GLADSTONE'S earlier Toryism and his new Radicalism are the precise antitheses. Mr. CHARLES VILLIERS and Mr. GLADSTONE might have paired during the first twenty years or so of their common Parliamentary life as during its last decade. It was only during Mr. GLADSTONE'S transition period, when he was passing from the stage in which he was observed by MACAULAY to that which he now occupies, or occupied yesterday, that Mr. VILLIERS and he could have been found in the same lobby, or have been colleagues in the same Ministry. It is not strange that a direct conflict of opinion, extending once more over nearly the whole range of politics, should make the arrangement of a standing pair practicable.

#### MORE "UNION OF HEARTS."

MR. JUSTIN MCCARTHY has improved upon the precedent of the two young persons in *The Rovers* who were struck with the "sudden thought" of "swearing eternal friendship." The famous "Union of hearts" came about almost as suddenly as the compact between MATILDA and her companion, but the parties to it have had nearly eight years since then to think about it, and Mr. MCCARTHY has detected a flaw in the terms of the treaty. A pledge of friendship to eternity should, he now sees, be always qualified by the condition that there is some object to be gained by the maintenance of friendly relations. It would be difficult to put this more aptly than it was put by the First Commissioner for exercising the office of leader of the Irish Parliamentary party, in his speech of the other night at Forest Gate. After appealing to the Irishmen in the locality to do all they could to return the Liberal candidates at the next election, Mr. MCCARTHY proceeded to remark that for the English Liberal party as a party the Irish "cared very little"; "but, while the Liberal party supported them to get 'their national cause carried, they were their friends 'and allies to the death.' Eternal friendship—as long as it is made worth our while! Allies till death or separation, 'whichever shall first happen'!" These cannot be exactly inspiring watchwords to the ear of that "English Liberal party for which the Irish 'care very little'; and one almost wonders to which of two Irish qualities we should attribute the amazing



and dangerous frankness of the Nationalist orator—to inconsequence of logic or incontinence of tongue. It is all very well for Mr. MCCARTHY to endeavour to encourage his hearers by promising them that the Liberal Government will carry so many substantial English measures in this Session and the next Session (why drag in the "next" Session? why not rely wholly upon the performances of the present one?) "that they would commend themselves to the support of the English people." But the prophet of these successes himself feels the necessity of hedging, for he tells his audience how he proposes to square the Tories if by chance they should happen to slip in with a small majority; and certainly his little observations about his present "friends and allies" are not calculated to promote the success of the overture which he contemplates having to make in the event last supposed.

We should not be far wrong, perhaps, if we were to regard this reference of Mr. MCCARTHY's to the strictly limited and qualified nature of the compact between the Irish people and their Liberal "friends and allies" as a mild "small tea-party" version of the truculently defiant language in which the organ of the Parnellites has been recently indulging. The late Mr. PARNELL, says *United Ireland*, must not be supposed to have meant by his description of the Home Rule Bill of 1886 as a "final settlement of the Irish question" that that measure would be accepted as an adequate recognition of our national claims. What he meant, no doubt, was that the Bill, if passed, would "put an end, broadly speaking, to Irish hostility to England." But that, the patriot goes on to observe, "is not by any means the end of the business. We do really want, if we can, to make Ireland a nation. Every Irish Nationalist who has not been bitten with the vulgar social ambition of the middle-class English, who has not been inoculated with the poison of the bourgeois philosophy, hopes and prays and longs for the day when Ireland may stand up in the world as Hungary and Italy did, with a straight and perpendicular vertibræ"—a position of determined "singularity" indeed! There is no use, continues this delightful member of the Heart Union—"there is no use in beating about the bush"; and assuredly no man ever wasted less time over that futility. "We don't like England. Her works and pomps"—why not her vanities?—"are a horror to us. Home Rule, at any rate, we must have; but it is not the Home Rule that Transylvania has, or Croatia, that Ireland wants. It is the Home Rule of Hungary" (the variety with a perpendicular "vertibræ"). "We want what Norway wants, we want what Bohemia wants"; we want what the infant bathed in the silver moonlight wanted. "With that we may work with England in peace and friendship, doing our best to restrain her base marauding impulses. With less, please God, this Irish nation will never rest satisfied."

That is how it strikes *United Ireland*, and if Mr. MCCARTHY talks about caring very little for the Liberal party, and only maintaining friendship and alliance with them "while they support us," it is in all probability because he feels uneasy under the suspicion in Ireland that this is *not* how it strikes him and his comrades of the "constitutional" party, and would like to assure, at any rate, the Irish voter in England that it does not strike them so very differently after all. And the uncomfortable Gladstonian is left to ask himself how long it would be, if Home Rule were granted, before the views and language of Mr. MCCARTHY and his "constitutional" comrades would be absolutely undistinguishable from those of *United Ireland*.

#### THE AMERICAN RAILWAY STRIKE.

SOME so-called—or, perhaps, one should say self-called—friends of the working class must be looking at the disturbance which is causing enormous loss in the United States with envy. It is a strike from sympathy on the largest scale, and it is conducted with the utmost vigour. There is no pretence on the part of the railway workmen who are tearing up lines, blocking yards, and stopping traffic across the continent that they have any grievance of their own. They are on strike simply because the managers of American railways will not help them to punish Mr. PULLMAN for not agreeing to the demands of his workmen. First Mr. PULLMAN had a dispute with his men, then the railway servants, moved by sympathy, endeavoured to boycott the Pullman cars. When the managers of railways on which these carriages are used declined to co-operate the men struck. Then the men who were employed on lines on which the cars are not used insisted that the Companies should disassociate themselves from the lines on which they are, and when this most impudent demand was refused, they struck also. Mr. DEBS, the head of the Railway Union, has ordered his men out right and left in the true imperial style of the Labour leader, and has been almost universally obeyed in the customary slavish Union manner. The familiar incidents of a strike have followed, and, as never fails in the United States, troops have been called in on a Russian scale.

Now this is exactly the kind of movement which the friends of Labour, professional and sentimental, would rejoice to set going here. They succeeded in doing it in the case of the notorious Dock strike, and would dearly like to repeat that triumph. What Mr. DEBS and his associates are doing in the United States is to endeavour to terrorize their employers, and the community at large, with the object of establishing the power of the Union. They wish to be able to dictate to the employer on what terms he is to do business, and with whom. In order to secure this object, they are prepared to inflict any amount of damage on the community. Mr. DEBS and other American Labour leaders would probably not disavow the sentiments of the Scotch miners who declared the other day that it was their intention to secure a living wage, even if they drove the trade of the country to Timbuctoo. The incidents of the strike are of the kind which is usual in America. As there is no organized police in the United States out of the cities, and as it is frequently corrupt in them, mobs have opportunities which are not afforded them anywhere in Europe, not even under a sympathetic Home Secretary in England. Hence rioters are enabled for a time to do enormous quantities of damage, and troops have to be employed ten times as much as is found necessary here. The weakness of the Federal and State authorities in America at the beginning of every such disturbance as this is extraordinary. In the present case it was not thought possible to take effectual measures against the most undeniable rioters until an injunction against them was issued by the Law Courts. When action was at last taken, it was childishly ineffectual. At one place 250 deputy marshals, who had been called out to disperse a mob, were tamely disarmed. The same number of disciplined police or soldiers would have made short work of any mob. It is not until thousands of troops and Militia are summoned that an approach to order is restored.

Americans have been so prosperous, and have in general such a happy satisfaction with themselves and their Constitution, that they will probably not see more in this strike than the immediate difficulty. To observers outside who see how frequent

these disturbances are, and how uniformly they are accompanied by violence on a great scale, it appears hard to believe that the United States can escape suffering severely by them. This railway strike was preceded by a coal strike of almost equal magnitude and the most savage ferocity. One trade or the other has been disorganized at short intervals for years. These outbreaks must have had much to do with the commercial depression from which the United States have suffered even more severely than Europe, and they show a distinct tendency to get worse. The railway strike has been free from the sheer brutality of the coal strike, probably because the men employed were not—or not to anything like the same extent—Hungarians or Bohemians. But, on the other hand, it has affected a much wider area. The damage done by the stoppage must be immense. The mere amount of the loss inflicted on the farmers by the ruin of fruit from the South which has rotted in the cars, and the upsetting of the cattle trade from the West, taken with the consequent loss to tradesmen in the towns, will hardly be covered by millions of dollars. And this has been inflicted at the words of Mr. DEBS, who saw in a dispute between Mr. PULLMAN and his hands an opportunity for showing how the thoughtful working-man proposes to “raise the “standard of living.”

#### SIR HENRY LAYARD.

SIR HENRY LAYARD might be quoted as an example of the truth of GORDON'S saying that England has been made by her adventurers. Using the word in the honourable old sense, and not with the ugly invidious meaning which has come to attach to it, he was an adventurer—that is to say, a man who picked out a piece of work to be done of his own motion, and by his own efforts, with means which he either supplied himself or obtained by personal influence over others. It is true that he had a Parliamentary and a diplomatic career, but he would have had neither if he had not first earned distinction by his own efforts as an explorer. Something of the adventurous disposition remained with him throughout. It prompted him to witness the battle of the Alma from the maintop of the *Agamemnon*, and was perhaps not without its influence on him during his tenure of the Embassy at Constantinople. Sir H. LAYARD will, however, not be remembered either because he was for a few years a member of the House of Commons or because of his services as Ambassador at Constantinople at a time of crisis. Between the incorrigible faction of Mr. GLADSTONE and the equally incorrigible corrupt folly of the Pashas, which he may not have estimated at their true stupid worthlessness, and could in no case control, the policy he endeavoured to help Lord BEACONSFIELD to carry out had no chance of success. In the earlier part of his life Sir HENRY LAYARD had fortunately had opportunities of doing work which neither English office-seekers nor Turkish Pashas could spoil.

We have observed, with what it is polite to call surprise, that the leading Gladstonian paper is of opinion that the honorary degree conferred on Sir H. LAYARD in 1848 by the University of Oxford was given for some mysterious reason. It may appear mysterious to the curiously constituted Gladstonian mind that the University did not foresee that Sir HENRY would fall out with Mr. GLADSTONE thirty years later, or even did not consider the possibility of such an event as supplying a sufficient reason for declining to confer a well-merited honour. To most people it will seem self-evident that the honorary degree of 1848 was very rightly given for the voluntary services to learning of 1845. At that period the exploration of the

sources of the history of the East was a comparatively new, and very important, branch of scholarship. In one very interesting and valuable part of it England would not have taken any adequate part but for the volunteer enterprise of LAYARD. The Manchester School, and the prevalence of the feeling which dictated the well-known explosion “Damn the Fine Arts!” would have combined to prevent the English Government from giving the help which was freely rendered to French scholars by their own country. During a visit to Mosul, LAYARD had seen that exploration of the Mound of Nimroud, already begun by M. BOTTA, would yield valuable results. He obtained the means of excavation by the help of Sir STRATFORD CANNING, and the result of his excavations was to put English scholarship beyond the risk of having to envy the success of French research in that field. Whatever could be done by official neglect to waste the gains due to his labours was not omitted. The great winged figures and the highly interesting bas-reliefs were ill packed and ill carried. Many of the smaller objects were, as it would seem, almost deliberately subjected to pilfering, and some of the best of them accordingly disappeared. But the energy of Sir HENRY LAYARD bore down even official inertia, and the sculptures from the Assyrian palaces finally took their proper place in the British Museum. Sir HENRY wrote very well, as is known by those who have read his account of his explorations at Nineveh, and the more recently published narrative of his early travels in Armenia and Kurdistan. The facts that he was the son of an Indian Civil Servant, was half a Spaniard by blood, and an Italian by education, must be allowed for as fitting him for the kind of work he had to do, by giving him an understanding of foreign and Oriental peoples which a more purely bred Englishman might not have had. But the energy to use these advantages was all his own.

#### A WARNING FROM THE PIT.

A STORY comes from Shanghai, curious in itself, but above all, as they say, suggestive. The records of the Province of Anhui tell how some hundreds of miners were choked by gas in a coal-pit of Hsung Knochow four centuries ago. The shaft has been closed ever since. It was reopened some weeks ago by foreign enterprise, and a party entering came upon upwards of a hundred and seventy bodies undisturbed since that date. The flesh seemed to be firm, the clothing unrotted; but at a touch all shrank into “hills of dust.” The countryside is agitated, of course, and the workings have been stopped. Now, it is not to be assumed offhand that such an incident could not occur in England. Coal was much used in the fifteenth century. It is possible that hundreds of miners may have worked some easy “adit,” though we cannot believe that they sank a shaft large enough for such numbers. And the antiseptic properties of coal are not peculiar to China. But if the bodies of Englishmen who perished four centuries ago were recovered intact at this day, it would be a spectacle of the deepest importance to antiquarians. We do not feel by any means sure that the men themselves would not seem a different race. At least their appearance would be utterly strange. It would be a revelation for the student of costume and domestic manners. Tools, accoutrements, objects in the pockets, personal ornaments, would be scrutinized, discussed, and treasured. The dress would be foreign to our notions both in shape and material. But the interest of the Chinese antiquarian—for there are such beings—must be only sentimental. He will draw no profit in particular from the discovery. It may probably be that those “poor old dead” did not wear the pigtail—though this is not certain. Otherwise, the difference in appearance between them and the coolies who found them—in the clothing, tools, and belongings of each—would be detail only. The corpses, we are told, might have been taken for those of “men who died yesterday.” It is profoundly true. The Chinaman of the fifteenth century is



identical with the Chinaman of the nineteenth. We might go further back, but it is enough to deal with those ages of which there is independent evidence. And thereby hangs a moral which grows more and more significant.

In that space of time China has gone through revolutions, troubles, and disasters far more overwhelming than any known in Europe since the downfall of the Roman Empire. Those miners lived and died, apparently, when the Japanese invasions were at their very worst. Soon after came the Manchu Conquest, and almost each generation since, in those provinces, has known horrors beyond parallel—war, famine, revolt, outbreaks and repressions of the great secret societies. But no results have followed such as we see elsewhere under like circumstances. Always when the storm had passed the antique order reappeared without change. The sons of the dead took their fathers' place, rebuilt the houses in the same form, restored the same social authorities and grades, followed the same customs, wore the same clothes, practised the same arts and handicrafts. We call this stagnation, and we feel amused contempt for a race which does not understand progress and abhors improvement. But progress and improvement are no absolute good. They signify advance towards some better state of things. What that better state will be among ourselves no reasoning mortal can discern precisely, even if he look for it; the field is left open to enthusiasts who write novels. But assuredly one condition must be social order and contentment, and a system under which every honest man can get his livelihood by honest work. When these comforts are perfected—and a few others, if you will—progress may stop and improvement will have no more to do. Whether our civilization be working towards such a reign of quiet and content, through science and universal armament, the ruin of agriculture, Board School education, Anarchist conspiracies, each must pronounce for himself. But an intelligent Chinaman may and does assert that his forefathers faced and solved the problem ages ago.

What need, then, of more progress or improvement? They reached harbour. You point to those awful cataclysms in their history, and to the perils, scarcely less threatening, now imminent. All that, you learn, is beside the question. It is the foreigner always who disturbs the native system of order and happiness. The very essence of that system is peace. It is not calculated to withstand the violent barbarian. Therefore its first principle is to exclude him—the foreigner—and all his works. Could that be effected once more, were the Tartar savage expelled, and the European shut out, it would regain all its beneficent influence even now, and the blessed times of old would return. That is the hope and the unceasing prayer of every thoughtful Chinaman.

It is not to be denied by any one acquainted with the country that there is force in these arguments. The instant renewal of the old order where it has been annihilated by some tempest may be taken to show that it has become instinctive—recognized as the best condition of things. At least we must admit that no other in human experience would enable those countless millions of human beings to live by honest work as they do. Europe, also, is multiplying its millions; but at the same time, through that sacred law of progress and improvement, it is throwing the soil itself, from which in the end all living things take their sustenance, out of cultivation. The wisest see no prospect of relief unless through some tremendous war or calamity. Suppose that any Western realm were devastated as was China in our own days by the Taeping rebellion, and left to itself. It would vanish from the roll of civilization. A new social system would assuredly be seen there when at length it emerged, for that which prevails has no foundation in the instincts of the people—as is shown by daily evidence. But the Taeping visitation befell a great part of the Chinese Empire scarcely a score of years ago. The cities it ruined are ruined still. But forthwith as it ceased the established order returned without a change. Chinese civilization has vitality at least.

But the foreigner has broken it in part, and year by year it crumbles. The final result of that process will not be beheld in our generation, and some are thankful for the delay. But the beginnings have already moved observant persons to sound a note of alarm. Those customs and manners of life which we ridicule train the Chinese intelligence somehow to the pitch that Europeans cannot hold their own against him in the "arts of peace." We have set the swarm in motion; it cannot be stayed, and no

man may guess how far it will travel. The Far East has been peopled by Chinamen within the last half-century. In spite of repression, and, by times, massacre, they creep westward and southward year after year, crowding out the natives. This is not our theme, saving the evidence it gives of a character and an energy which must be due to the form of education, unless our most hopeful theories be untrustworthy. For the warning to be drawn from that Hsung Knochow coal-pit applies all round. Not in costume and habits alone is the Chinaman of the nineteenth unchanged since the fifteenth. There are millionaires at Singapore and Penang, individuals of enormous wealth at Manila, Batavia, and Banjermassin. But they remain Chinamen. They entertain governors and admirals. They have even given balls; and, on such occasions, every usage of Europe is scrupulously followed. But next day the host resumes his Chinese habits; as for his modes of thought, they have never been abandoned for an instant. In quiet assurance his class expect the time when Europeans also will be crowded out of the Far East. Many judges think that such a time will arrive. And if it should, the Chinaman of that day apparently will be not a whit different from any of his forefathers.

#### OPERA—M. BRUNEAU'S *L'ATTAQUE DU MOULIN*.

##### TABLE OF THEMES.

The musical notation consists of 17 themes, each represented by a short musical phrase on a staff. The themes are numbered 1 through 17. Themes 1-8 are in the first column, and themes 9-17 are in the second column. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and bar lines.

"FRANCE, without being a musical nation," says Grétry in his *Mémoires*, "in virtue of her temperament standing midway between Italy and Germany, seems destined to



produce some day the best musicians; that is to say, those who will best be able to so blend melody with harmony as to create a perfect whole. They will have borrowed everything from their neighbours, it is true; they will have no claim to the title of creators, but the country to which nature accords the right of perfecting everything may be proud of its lot."

The modern operatic composers of France, with M. Bruneau as a worthy chief of the movement, may be almost summed up in Grétry's strangely foreseeing lines. Until lately one might have observed three distinct formulas in operatic literature—Italian opera, where everything was given to singing pure and simple; French opera, where the singing had a larger share than declamation; and Wagnerian opera, all declamation. A new formula has been created since, where lyric declamation and singing are evenly balanced; that is the modern lyric drama as it is understood everywhere to-day, and it has been given to France to produce the most perfect specimens of the kind. The evolution can be traced with ease, and its turning points are all within the reach of the present generation. Strange to say, the first steps of the new movement are intimately associated with the national calamity of 1870; ever since the disasters of the Franco-Prussian war the two great nations have learnt to know each other, and what has been found worthy of assimilation in any branch of art or science has become the subject of especial study and of a corresponding effort on both sides. The art of music has felt first the effects of this noble curiosity, and the Wagnerian colossus has nowhere more ardent worshippers to-day than in the country where some ten years ago the works of the stamp of *Les noces de Jeannette* were considered to be *le genre éminemment Français*. The modern French genre is all based on the Wagnerian formula, consisting, in Wagner's own words, in the "hurling of the torrent of symphony into the bed of the music drama"; only, the French are neither servile imitators, nor do they copy. They study a method, they assimilate it, and they use it according to the temperament of their race, or, as M. Saint-Saëns puts it, "*Nous apprenons à savoir faire ça, mais pour le faire autrement.*" And that is just what M. Bruneau has done in his *Attaque du Moulin*; the work is based on the *leit-motiv* system, and we meet representative themes on the very threshold of the score. But their symphonic developments follow the dictates of a Frenchman's logic; their use is made subservient to the innate love of his race for conciseness and clearness; they are presented in an easily recognizable form, and they follow characters or situations simply, without too many contrapuntal complications. The themes contained in the Table which heads this article have been collected, and named according to the writer's own criterion; in the absence of any particular indication which might have served as a guide to the composer's intentions, and in view of the impossibility of gaining an insight into his microcosm, both the thematic table and the nomenclature are given *sous toutes réserves*, and without any other pretension than that of being part of an attempt at a musical analysis.

The principal themes alone—seventeen in number—have been selected. Of these, nine are identified with the characters of the drama, and the other eight represent facts, situations, or ideas. To the former belong themes Nos. 3, 4, 5, 7, 9, 13, 14, 16, and 17. Old Father *Merlier* has but one personal theme assigned to him—the theme of the sacrifice (No. 17); but the mill-theme (No. 8) and that of work (No. 6) follow him constantly. *Françoise*, his daughter, is represented by two themes (Nos. 4 and 5), determination the first, love theme the second. *Dominique*, her lover, has also two distinct themes (Nos. 3 and 7); the last is the theme of heroism, the first purely personal. The theme of the knife (No. 12) and of the escape (No. 15) serve for both *Dominique* and *Françoise*. *Marcelline* has again one theme only (No. 9), but it is the most important perhaps, with that of the mill; it is the theme of children killed at war. This character is followed by the war-theme (No. 11). The French officer's theme is No. 16, and that of the Captain of the enemy, No. 14; the enemy is expressed in theme No. 13. Themes Nos. 1, 2, and 10 will be called respectively, of the French soil, of the merrymaking, and of the ceremony.

The work opens with a prelude based on the theme of the French soil (No. 1); the keynote to the sentiment of this page is in the few lines which head it in the French score:—"Jamais une paix plus large n'était descendue sur un coin plus heureux de nature." For twenty-one bars the

strains of a lovely broad melody, sustained softly by the horns and wood and presented by the whole of the strings, flow peacefully, when suddenly the full sonority of the orchestra bursts out as if in a hymn of praise, and then subsiding gradually closes the initial theme eight bars further. So far we have been treated to an absolutely academic style of writing, but hardly has the full close satisfied our ear than here comes a succession of bars where the tonality rollicks from one key to another, until through a series of bold modulations we reach the key of *g*, when the curtain rises on the merrymaking (No. 2) of the villagers assembled at the mill to celebrate the "accordailles" of *Françoise Merlier* with *Dominique Penquer*. The first dialogue between old *Merlier* and *Marcelline* takes place on the web of theme No. 2, and as soon as *Dominique's* name is mentioned the altos sound his personal theme (No. 3), repeating it some seven times in the same values and varying little in harmonization or in tonality. The same device of immediate introduction of representative themes is used when *Françoise* comes up for discussion, and both her themes, that of determination and of love (Nos. 4 and 5), appear within eight bars distance, as her father relates how very obstinate and how very affectionate the girl is. Theme No. 4 is, perhaps, the most characteristic of all; brusque, harsh, and jerky, it is formed of two consecutive  $\frac{3}{4}$  chords played in rapid succession; appearing for the first time in the quartet, the rhythm emphasized by the drum, it passes subsequently through every combination of *timbres*, sounding each time like a box on the ears. The themes of *Dominique* and of his heroism (No. 7) are heard again, and, as both old people extol the man's qualities, the theme of work (No. 6) appears *pp* in the wood instruments, to be followed by that of the mill (No. 8), given this first time to the baritone voice, *Père Merlier*. *Marcelline*, moved to tears by the thought of the happy event about to take place, speaks of her own children—two boys killed at war—when the oboe sighs *pp* theme No. 9, associated with the remembrance. But now the guests are arriving, accompanied by the music of the merrymaking (No. 2)—*la fête*; to the first and second violins, which gave the theme originally, are added now the *harmonie*, and, when all are assembled, a vigorous brass unison of the first melodic step of the theme heralds the speech of *Père Merlier*. He wishes to marry his daughter to the man the girl loves, but he wants first *les fiancer selon l'usage du pays*. Immediately we hear the oboe explaining the theme of the ceremony (No. 10), in an extremely graceful cluster of notes formed of a double turn of nine demisemiquavers between three crotchets—one and two—and the ceremony begins. We are in Lorraine, and one may reasonably suppose that the custom is of that country. But, as a matter of fact, the whole thing has been invented by M. Zola. A male and a female chorus hold a kind of parley, exacting from both parties to the contract guarantees for the happiness of their future life in common. Three questions are asked of *Dominique*, and thrice has *Françoise* to answer. All the themes mentioned until now appear successively varied with rare ingenuity in orchestral treatment, and the theme of the mill, with its quaint accompaniment suggestive of the turning of the wheel, unites all in a sonorous *ensemble—tourne roue à la voix chantante*. But suddenly the roll of the drum is heard; the village drummer "*fait savoir que la guerre est déclarée*"; *Marcelline* comes forward; she knows what war is, and she tells its horrors to the consternated assembly. This is the capital page of the first act; the voice declaims in poignant accents over a pedal of altos, the vocal phrases alternating with short periods for brass; augmented intervals everywhere add to the sombre colour of the monologue, until the fury of the orchestra, as if exhausted, subsides before the plaintive strains of the theme associated with the children killed at war. Presented first in altered rhythm and doubly augmented values, the melody (No. 9) soon falls into its primitive form, and, repeated no less than forty times, serves as accompaniment to the second part of *Marcelline's* monologue. The same theme, transformed again in  $\frac{3}{4}$  rhythm, is taken up by all present to drink the health of those *qui vont se battre à la frontière*, and the curtain falls on act first.

The Prelude to the second act is based on the theme of war, played by the whole orchestra on a pedal of altos; the mill theme in doubled values and in a minor key and theme No. 9 following closely run into the theme of the enemy and of *Dominique*—the whole is combined with

military trumpet-calls, a fife and drum band, and various orchestral figures characteristic of the *attaque du moulin*, which is supposed to be taking place then.

Themes Nos. 16, 14, 13, 15, and 12 appear here for the first time. Former melodies associated with the peaceful rejoicings of the first act are heard now in mutilated fragments and in minor keys, as befits *le grand deuil du pays*. "A battle instead of a marriage," exclaims Merlier, looking at his poor old mill; but there is no time for more reflections, for here is the enemy. Dominique, seized bearing arms, although he is not a Frenchman, is to be shot. A *rêverie* of surpassing beauty for the tenor, a love duet of almost Mozartian flavour, in its first part, and the song of the sentinel are the independent vocal numbers in this act. We are next outside the mill. The theme of *la terre de France* which was heard opening the drama appears again here in its integrity; but the fullness of the strings in unison which sang it before has disappeared. We hear now the plaintive accents of the oboe crying over "Notre France égorcée"—the *harmonie* sustains mournfully the melody, and here and there the arpeggios of the harp fall like streams of tears over the desolation which reigns everywhere. The sentinel resumes his melancholy *lied*; but the melody remains unfinished, for here is Dominique, knife in hand—a short struggle, and one life is saved at the expense of the other. And another yet will have to pay for that—Father Merlier's. The last two acts deal with the heroic sacrifice of the old miller (No. 17 quartet), the incidents ever commented with remarkable power, now on the stage, now in the orchestra, and the principal *spunti musicali* here are the dialogue of Marcelline with the sentinel, the few bars accompanying his death, and the dirge sung by the soldiers over the dead body of their comrade. After this we have a remarkable scene between father and daughter, the return of the French army, and the execution of poor Merlier. The theme of the children killed at war closes the drama.

These are merely the general outlines of this most human lyric work; a book as long as the *libretto* would be necessary to do full justice to a score so *vécu* and chiselled as M. Bruneau's *L'Attaque du Moulin*. M. Gallet, the author of the drama, has provided a series of remarkable situations in his book, and where he follows his model—M. Zola's *Nouvelle*—he has been absolutely successful; where the poet's own fancy was let loose he has much to answer for. French peasants do not apostrophize a common knife as "Ô claire lame!" They do not call strangers "le cher inconnu." A German soldier does not "schopenhauerize" (to coin a word) under arms, and so on. But M. Gallet's verses are polished and sound well.

The performance was of very high merit. Mme. de Nuovina and M. Bouvet, as Françoise and Merlier respectively, deserve the first rank. Mme. Delna's Marcelline is a fine melodramatic piece of acting, and one may say briefly that the gifted *débutante* is the Marie Laurent of the lyric stage. M. Cossira sang and acted admirably as Dominique; whilst MM. Albers as the *officier ennemi*, Bonnard as the *sentinelle*, and Gillibert as the village drummer deserve the maximum of praise. M. Flon, to whose artistic care the production was entrusted, has proved himself worthy of the trust and of the high opinion which was conceived of his talent after the production of the *Navarraise*. In him we have the operatic Hans Richter.

Sir Augustus Harris has surpassed his own record with the production of M. Bruneau's work; for, of the many proofs of enterprise and managerial genius he has given up till now, this last *première* is, perhaps, the most artistic effort he has yet achieved, and all praise is due to him.

#### MONEY MATTERS.

UP to the middle of April the wheat crop of this country promised exceedingly well. The seed was got in under most favourable conditions. There were only about two weeks of severe frost during the winter, and it is believed they did no material injury. The spring was genial and the crop steadily improved. But from about the 20th of April to the 20th of June the weather became adverse. The average temperature in May was actually lower than in April, and the first three weeks of June were likewise wet and dull. But since the 21st of June there has been very great improvement, and now the prospects are again bright. It is said, however, that the condition of the crop

varies very much, not only from district to district and field to field, but even in the same field. It is complained, for instance, that, though there has been much warm sunshine since the 21st of June, it has not been equally distributed, and that any patch which did not receive the full amount of light and heat has not got on as well as other parts of the same field. Farmers also allege that there is more weed than usual. Still, the promise at present is decidedly good, although there is a certain amount of anxiety. Every one seems agreed that a hot, bright July will insure a full average crop; while it is admitted with almost equal unanimity that bad weather in July will make 1894 almost as bad a year, so far as wheat is concerned, as 1893. The first grain shown in London this year was exceptionally early—the 11th of June. But, probably, earing in the country generally has been at least a fortnight later. It is to be recollected, too, that the area under wheat has been steadily decreasing for a full generation; and bearing in mind the disappointments of last year, and the low prices that have prevailed for so long, it is not surprising to learn that the area sown is smaller this year than last year. Still, the home harvest is of very considerable importance; for though we import about three times as much wheat as we grow at home, for all that, the quality and the yield of the remaining fourth which we require to complete our supplies is of very marked importance. And just now the prospects of the home harvest are exercising a very great influence over the wheat markets. Abroad there is almost as much uncertainty as at home. The reports from Spain and Southern France, where harvesting has been in full swing for some weeks, are very satisfactory; and Tunis and Algeria have reaped bumper crops. On the other hand, Italy and Sicily complain of very defective earing. The great wheat-producing districts of Europe, however, are elsewhere. From Western, Northern, and Eastern France it is reported that the ears are large and full, the straw long and strong, and the prospects altogether most promising. But there is much diversity in the estimates of yield, millers expecting about 40 million quarters, while farmers look for no more than about 36 million quarters. Austria proper, much of Hungary, and the German Rhine countries have prospects of fine crops. But it is said that in Bohemia, Saxony, and Eastern Hungary the wheat crop is irreparably damaged. Russia grows principally Spring wheat. The cool May was favourable to the crop and so was the hot June. If July is also bright and hot there will be a full average yield, or perhaps something more. If July is disappointing, however, the crop will probably be very much under the average of several years past. In India the yield is a little less than that of last year, but decidedly better than the three or four years preceding. The best estimate appears to give somewhat over 32 million quarters; and, according to the *Miller*, this would furnish an exportable surplus of over 4½ million quarters. But India is not exporting very freely just now, owing to the very low prices in Europe. Taking the whole world together, then, we may sum up by saying that the prospect is promising, but that there is still much uncertainty. A great deal depends upon the weather of July.

Money continues in superabundant supply, and rates are exceptionally easy. The quotation for three months' bank bills is only  $\frac{3}{4}$  per cent.; but business has been frequently done even below that figure, and the short-loan rate is barely  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. Gold is still coming in from abroad, and will continue to come for some time yet, although there is a Continental demand for the metal in the open market. The shipments from New York are decidedly falling off, and there are hopes that they are now about to cease. We are doubtful of that, however; for distrust is general all over the Union, and there is no question at all that European capitalists are withdrawing in very large amounts the money they usually employ in the States. We fear, therefore, that the present slackening of the gold shipments is only temporary.

The India Council offered for tender on Wednesday 40 lakhs of rupees, and sold the whole amount at prices ranging from 1s. 0 $\frac{3}{4}$ d. to 1s. 1d. per rupee. Money has become quite easy in India, and business is exceedingly slack, so that the demand for remittance has fallen off. The gold exports from India, too, are declining. The general impression amongst Indian bankers and merchants is that the conversion of the Four per Cent. Rupee-paper will make it more difficult for the India Council to sell its bills in future. The Indian Government, it will be recol-



lected, has locked up in the Presidency Treasuries about 14 crores of rupees, and if the holders of Rupee-paper refuse to convert any considerable amount, the Government will have to redeem to that extent, and therefore to pay out rupees, which will so much increase the supply in the open market as to lower the purchasing power of the rupee. The silver market has been very quiet all through the week, and the price has remained steady at 28½d. per oz.

The Directors of the London and Westminster Bank have declared a dividend of 11 per cent. per annum for the past half-year. This compares with 12 per cent. twelve months ago, and the amount carried forward is only 53,000l., against 61,000l. last year. The Directors of the Union Bank of London declare a dividend of 10 per cent., being at the same rate as twelve months ago, and carry forward 6,700l., against 8,000l. last year. The Directors of the National Discount Company recommend a dividend at the rate of 11 per cent. per annum, comparing with 12 per cent. last year, and carry forward very nearly the same amount. The Consolidated Bank and the Union Discount Company pay the same rates as a year ago. Of these institutions, therefore, two are obliged to reduce their rates of dividend, as was to have been expected from the unsatisfactory nature of the business done during the past six months.

The Stock Exchange is quite lifeless. Even investment is inactive for the time being, and everything points to a long period of stagnation. The Senate of the United States has at last passed the Tariff Bill; but it is so completely different from the Bill that was passed by the House of Representatives, that very strong doubts are entertained whether the new measure can be got through the House. The Senate has asked for a Conference with the House; and the general opinion is that the Conference Committee will be unable to agree upon a compromise; that President Cleveland, therefore, will have to interfere, and that probably through his influence some kind of arrangement will be arrived at. But it seems certain that the discussion will last for many weeks yet. The Senate Bill reduces the Customs duties very little. It will be recollected that the original "Wilson Bill" cut down duties very greatly. The Protectionists, however, proved stronger in the Senate than was expected, and the new duties now carried are very little lower than the McKinley duties. The likelihood seems to be, therefore, that no very liberal measure can be carried through the Senate, and that whatever is done in the matter of tariff reform will not have much influence upon trade. In any event the settlement of the Tariff question is now a secondary matter. What is really exciting apprehension on both sides of the Atlantic is the fear that gold will altogether disappear from the United States circulation, and that silver will become practically the standard of value. Trade is everywhere depressed. Employment is very scarce, and the Pullman boycott has added to the general uneasiness. In South America there is little fresh; but the premium on gold at Buenos Ayres has declined somewhat further, and, therefore, the market for South American securities is slightly more hopeful. The proposal of the Indian Government to convert Rupee-paper has not been well received; and the news from Australasia is very disquieting. On Friday afternoon the New Zealand Government hurried through the Legislature an Act authorizing the issue of 2 millions sterling of Preference shares by the Bank of New Zealand, which are to be a charge upon the revenues of the colony, and the Government of the colony guarantees a minimum interest of 4 per cent. Such a measure naturally has caused a good deal of alarm. It is feared that depositors in all the Australasian banks will withdraw their deposits even more rapidly than they have been doing of late, and that, therefore, we may have another banking scare in the colonies. On the Continent business is as stagnant as it is here.

The changes in prices during the week have been very few, and in no case have they been considerable. Consols closed on Thursday at 101½, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of ½; while Rupee-paper closed at 55½, a fall of ½, which is accounted for, of course, by the Conversion. In the Home Railway market London and North-Western stock closed at 172, a rise of ½, while North Staffordshire closed at 134, a fall of 1. In the American department shares have not moved very much, but there has been a general advance in bonds—even

in the most speculative bonds. Erie Second Mortgage closed on Thursday at 80, a rise of 1; Atchison Four per Cent. Gold Mortgage bonds closed at 78, a rise of 1½; Denvers closed at 72½, a rise of 2½. Argentine Railway stocks are likewise higher. Buenos Ayres and Rosario closed on Thursday at 53-5, a rise of 1; and Buenos Ayres Great Southern closed at 93-5, also a rise of 1. In the foreign market there has been almost as little change as elsewhere; but French Rentes closed on Thursday at 100, being a fall of ½ compared with the preceding Thursday; while German Threes closed at 90½, a rise of ½. Amongst banks, the shares of the Bank of New South Wales closed at 38, a fall of 1.

#### ANCIENT MUSIC AT QUEEN'S HALL.

AT the Queen's Hall Mr. C. F. Abdy Williams recently gave a lecture on Greek and Roman music, and Mr. W. H. Wing sang what the lecturer described (in print) as "the Hymn to Apollo and all the other existing remains of ancient Greek compositions." Only last July, in the *Classical Review*, vol. vii. p. 296, the same Mr. Abdy Williams wrote as follows:—"Unfortunately, none of the Greek classical music has come down to us, with the exception of a somewhat doubtful fragment of the music of the first Pythic ode of Pindar, discovered by Kircher." Excepting the hymns from Delphi, no more is extant now than was extant then. But Mr. Abdy Williams has been pursuing his investigations, and here at the end of June he has discovered the existence of nearly all the pieces that we enumerated in the *Saturday Review* on the 26th of May. At the lecture he was manifestly in the happy frame of mind which the Provost of Eton lately described as resulting from the possession of a bit of new information fresh from the dictionary. But, unluckily, the dictionary in this case was the dictionary of Lemprière, or some similar work; and the audience could hardly repress a smile when the lecturer assured them that the ancients used the modern tempered scale, and maintained the "absolute accuracy" of M. Reinach's transcript of the music from Delphi, though M. Reinach himself published it with many reservations.

The first piece sung was Kircher's fragment of the setting for Pindar. The peculiarity of this fragment is that the opening lines have only the notes for voices, while the rest have only the notes for instruments; but the thing was sung straight through as though the notes were all for voices, and Mr. Abdy Williams added an accompaniment on the piano in the most approved modern style. He did not even mention the Marcello document with the setting for the Homeric hymn to Demeter. No doubt, it may be spurious; but that objection is just as applicable to the Kircher document. The Vienna papyrus, with the setting for Euripides, was omitted as too fragmentary for performance; and then came what was described as the Hymn to Apollo. As a matter of fact, the fragments from Delphi belong to two or three hymns to Apollo, and contain different kinds of music with different kinds of verse. Two of the fragments were given as the hymn; and one of these two is so defaced that 33 of the 36 notes are "restorations." With restorations of the same extent, several of the others would have been presentable. The song of Seikilos was sung next; and finally the three hymns by Dionysius and Mesomedes. In the setting of these hymns the time had unfortunately been modified to suit a theory of rhythm, which is very questionable in any case, and had been applied here most capriciously; the result being that these solemn hymns to Nemesis and other sober deities became rollicking songs more suitable to Bacchus. All the pieces were sung as solos by Mr. Wing, with modern accompaniments on the piano by Mr. Abdy Williams; and this may be the best way of adapting ancient music to the conditions of the concert-room. But the class of people who go to hear ancient music might like a nearer approach to the real thing.

#### THE ADRIAN HOPE COLLECTION.

THE votaries of the fine arts showed their enthusiasm on Saturday at Christie's. In spite of the heat, in spite of the opening of the Tower Bridge, in spite of the visit of the Princess of Wales to the Home Arts Exhibition at the Albert Hall, to say nothing of the Hampton Court sale, the rooms in King Street were filled to overflowing.



Nevertheless, the prices were by no means high, as compared with the prices of recent years. A Dutch phlegm seemed to pervade the faces of the buyers. Perhaps it was the heat which made the bidding so slow. There was only one break in the dullness, and that was when Nicholas Maes's "Young Woman Pumping" was put upon the easel. The picture has all the best qualities of the Dutch school, colour, keeping, drawing, composition, and it was deservedly admired on the view days. Mr. Salting seemed determined to buy it; but when he had reached 2,992*l.* 10*s.* Mr. Nattali bid another ten guineas with success. The great Rembrandt portrait, "Nicholas Ruts," was received with applause, as was the price to which it rose before Mr. Agnew secured it for 4,935*l.* A lady's portrait, also by Rembrandt, was cheap enough at 1,351*l.* 10*s.* The Greuze, the only one in the sale, on the other hand, fetched its value at 3,045*l.* Many good judges thought a little Gerard Dow was the gem of the collection. Others, though it was finished like a miniature, thought it had either faded or wanted colour. It was sold at Leyden, more than half a century ago, for 450*l.*, and again for 350*l.*; yet it now ran up to 3,675*l.* Of the two pictures bought for the National Gallery one is signed by Berckheyden, whose name, hitherto unrepresented, will now appear for the first time in the Catalogue. It is dated 1674, and is a beautiful and highly finished view of Haarlem, strongly resembling the work of Van der Heyden, who has four representatives in the Gallery. Mr. Agnew bought it for Mr. Poynter at 472*l.* 10*s.*, which cannot be considered too much. The Gallery also acquired a Jan Steen, "Scene on a Terrace," for 819*l.*

One of the most interesting pictures was a curious ornithological collection by Hondecoeter, dated in 1682. Among the birds, who are supposed to be singing in concert, under the direction of an owl, the words *Langh leest den Koningh*, were woodcocks, peafowl, a blue-fronted Amazon parrot, swallows, woodpeckers, crossbills, a kingfisher and a greenfinch, a Numidian crane, a stork, a magpie, and, more wonderful, a most excellent likeness of a cassowary. The cassowary only inhabits Australia and Ceram, a little to the northward, so the model must have been a very early one. This canvas was sold in these Rooms a few years ago for 300*l.*; but Mr. Sedelmeyer had now to give 1,500 guineas for it. As a Hondecoeter it is not a very favourable example, and is said to have been priced as low as 158*l.* 11*s.* in 1857. A very good and soft painting of dead game by Hondecoeter's companion, Weenix, sold for 703*l.* 10*s.* Another animal picture was one of the cheapest lots in the sale. The Corporation of Glasgow obtained a magnificent Rubens for 1,743*l.* It represents a boar-hunt, and is full of life and movement and brilliancy. The beautiful landscape, and especially the foliage of the trees, shows Rubens in an earlier manner than that of the landscapes in the National Gallery. The Hobbema at 3,150*l.* cannot be considered too cheap, as it was an early work. There was an interesting Nicholas Poussin, considerably better than any of those which go under his name at the National Gallery. It was entitled the "Birth of Bacchus," and showed a fine landscape at dawn, with many gods and goddesses and other figures, for the most part well painted and finished. The canvas was very much soiled, and the picture evidently wanted careful treatment and restoration, but even so, it seemed worth more than Mr. Woods could persuade the buyers to bid. It was sold to a private gentleman for 157*l.* 10*s.*, a nominal price. Another disappointment was in the Paul Potter, a little gem representing a bull and three cows in a meadow. It had an excellent pedigree, and though hardly so brilliant as the example of this master in the Peel collection in the National Gallery, the subject was decidedly more pleasing. It is signed by the artist and dated 1653, so that it must have been painted immediately before his early death in that year, when he still wanted a couple of years of thirty. Bidding was again very slack, and at last the picture was knocked down to a foreign dealer for 945*l.* The Metzus, the Van de Velde, the Van der Neers, the Netschers, the Ostades, and the Teniers fetched an average of 300*l.* each; but a Ruysdael, a waterfall, went up to 1,680*l.* The whole collection brought 49,880*l.*, which, considering that there were seventy-five lots, and considering that the nation gave 70,000*l.* for the seventy very similar pictures of the Peel collection in 1871, shows either that these pictures were too cheap, or that the Peel pictures were too dear.

#### ORDERLIES FOR INFANTRY.

ONE of the greatest difficulties a commander has to encounter in these days of extended formations and long ranges is to preserve control over the various items of his force. Formerly men were able to do a great deal by word of mouth and gesture, and remained mounted within a few yards of the muskets that were pouring destruction on the enemy. Breechloaders and magazine rifles have changed all that now, and if a colonel or brigadier attempted in these days personally to direct his force, moving amongst the companies and exposing himself after the fashion of a Picton or a Duke of Wellington, his abilities would quickly be lost to his side. Yet, unless his body as well as his eye is everywhere, it is not easy to correct errors, or give instructions perhaps rendered necessary by some fresh development of the fight. On our field days and manœuvres, leaders even of large units may frequently be seen as much *en évidence* under fire as that heroic divisional general at the Alma who rode in front of the first skirmishers of his command. Over and over again umpires have to rule even the most scientific soldiers out of action for this fault. The most advanced men, indeed, when in action often carry out their convictions more literally than any others, and even last autumn generals commanding divisions were on occasions discovered emulating the example set them in the Crimea. The bullets of the foe would, no doubt, in war be more deterrent than the decisions of the Umpire Staff; but then there would be no chance of profiting by the lesson taught, and a dead leader is often not easily replaced, nor could the machinery which would be needed as a substitute for voice or gesture be easily improvised on the field. Men who know better probably expose themselves now because it is only by doing so that they can bring their schemes to a successful issue, and because they will be less blamed by their comrades for being too forward than for being defeated. The difficulty has been felt in all countries and in all armies. In Austria some few years ago the subject was attracting much attention, and a distinguished officer wrote a little book advocating the addition of a few mounted orderlies to each infantry unit to act as scouts on the line of march, and as messengers during an engagement. These men were to be taken from battalions, and were, in fact, to be mounted infantrymen, in contradistinction to cavalry soldiers. The Austrian is an essentially conservative army, and the scheme appeared too bold an innovation to find unalloyed favour in its ranks. Even the most obstinate were, however, obliged to admit that there was much justice and force in the arguments Colonel Regenspursky put forward, and eventually, as is usual in such cases, a compromise was agreed upon, according to which it was decided to permanently attach a certain number of troopers from the divisional cavalry to regiments and brigades of infantry on mobilization, who were to be at the disposal of the officers commanding these bodies.

In Germany a similar arrangement has been made. Like most compromises, however, these schemes meet with a scant amount of appreciation. The cavalry grudge the absence of a large proportion of effective sabres from their ranks, and, when their numbers have been thinned by the casualties which are inevitable even at manœuvres, can scarcely meet the drain. The infantry commanders are enjoined to send back to their squadrons the men lent them as soon as possible, and the troopers are impatient for the moment when they may return to what *esprit de corps* prompts them to regard as their proper work. Moreover, unless exceptionally intelligent men are deputed for the duty, who ride well, and are excellently mounted, scouting and the delivery of messages are neither so thoroughly nor expeditiously performed as is desirable. Now it is not in human nature for a squadron leader to deprive himself of his most valuable men and horses at the moment of need, and he can scarcely be blamed if he gives ungenerously at such a moment. In short, both officers and men of the *arme blanche* regard the new duties in the light of an exaction somewhat unfairly demanded of them; they enter on them sulkily, and quit them with a sigh of relief. Nor are they put in a better humour when the usual complaints as to insufficient education and imperfect performances are sent forward at the close of the day. Recognizing these difficulties, regulations are issued providing that the demand for men from the cavalry shall be kept as low as is

possible. But who shall decide beforehand as to the minimum that the exigencies of a battlefield may call for; and, if numbers be limited, are not the men and horses selected in danger of being overworked? A German writer has recently stated that six cavalymen will in future be needed by every regiment of infantry in a German division. That would mean that twenty-four sabres would be permanently withdrawn from the cavalry of that unit, and that too, be it noted, in addition to those who would be sent away by the general in command on all the multifarious duties that have to be provided for. Not unnaturally does the cavalry leader recoil in dismay from such an exaction, and declare with justice that he cannot hope to effect anything tactically with the mere handful which will then be left him. If the tactical application of divisional cavalry is no longer to be considered, why, will he ask, have they been armed with lances of late? Scouting will be better done without spears and pennons, and messengers are all the better without this picturesque equipment.

Every soldier must sympathize with these contentions; but, in truth, there is even more solid ground for opposition than they supply. It is not probable that any squadron will be able to furnish a sufficient number of men whose intelligence and physical qualifications are equal to the duties they will have to undertake. And there is no doubt that the demand for mounted messengers in the infantry is a very real one. The experiences of the Franco-German war showed that even twenty-four years ago—at any rate, at the beginning of the war—every officer placed in higher command felt the need for men to act as scouts, and to carry and bring information and orders. The want of a special mounted service also unmistakably asserted itself on the lines of communication, and when parties were detached. Not only that, but had the French cavalry acted with the intelligence and enterprise which are to be expected from the arm, the want would have been far more obvious than it was. Smokeless powder and a small-bore rifle have very widely altered conditions since the great German victories, and it is not an extravagant assertion that, if infantry must in the future have command of the assistance which mounted men supply, they must find the horsemen for themselves. But in order to be of much service as a messenger a man must ride something more than passably. He must have enough dash and skill to be able to gallop with decision and confidence over rough and broken ground. He may have to negotiate a small fence or two on his road, and he must certainly have his horse under the most perfect control. There are some such men to be found with every squadron; but not often more than a moderate proportion. And unless we turn riflemen into dragoons, it may safely be asserted that we could not expect to pick many such from amongst infantry battalions. A mounted infantryman is wisely taught to regard his horse simply as a means of locomotion, just as a cart or bicycle might be; if he be encouraged to a higher ambition, there lurks a danger that he will ape his comrade of the cavalry, and forget his rifle in a new zeal for spurs and whips. It is for these reasons that an idea has now been put forward in Germany that a special corps of orderlies should be organized and trained whose sole duty in war should be the rapid and intelligent carriage and delivery of messages and orders on the battlefield. We have not been unaccustomed in this country to seeing a few mounted military police at Aldershot turned to useful account at manœuvres—not, it is true, in the precise manner we have indicated, but still forming part of the staff of the chief umpire, and capable and ready to be of use in much the same way that a trained orderly might be. A strong squadron of such men would be quite sufficient for the needs of an army corps, and the addition of such a body would not seriously increase the expenses of our establishments. Nor would their training and education be a matter of great difficulty. The first point to be attended to would be to make them really good horsemen, and only men with some previous aptitude for horses would be selected. We should likewise have to look for something more than the average educational acquirements in our recruits. A man, to start with, should at least be able to write fairly rapidly and legibly, and a little education ought to be sufficient to make him equal to a certain amount of map-reading, so that he might be able to turn a map or sketch to useful account in a strange country. When he can ride, and has made some progress in simple topography, it will be necessary to take him on to study horse management,

the fitting of saddles, and bridles, and to give him further practice with maps, and in the transcription of orders, or their verbal delivery. Quick, intelligent men would very soon pick up all that was required if placed in the hands of energetic and capable instructors, and practice on field days and at manœuvres would in a few months give the finishing touch. Men so trained might be distributed according as circumstances directed, but probably three would suffice for the needs of each commanding officer of a battalion, and two more might be placed at the disposal of each brigadier. The general at the head of each division might be given four, and the remainder, if there were any unprovided for, might find employment on the staff of the commander of the army corps itself. Such a system as this appears to have a good deal to recommend it, although it is a far less ambitious one than is demanded by many who have thought out the subject deeply. It may not completely satisfy infantry officers who wish to see their brigades and battalions independent of extraneous assistance, and able to look after their own security against surprise. But there are sound objections to be raised against the conversion of even a small proportion of our riflemen into what would inevitably tend to become a species of bastard cavalry. On the other hand, leaders of regiments and squadrons will probably welcome an arrangement which will leave them their commands intact, and will free their men from an irksome duty, which is, and has always been, uncongenial to them. That smokeless powder and long ranges will compel us in some way or other to meet the altered conditions of warfare seems certain. We shall have to make a change somewhere, and the scheme we have been dealing with can scarcely be described as one so startling or drastic that we need view it with the apprehension or dismay novelties seem destined to exercise over a certain class of military minds. Neither need so small an increment to the organization of our *corps d'armée* disturb the quiet of the financier's mind. If the men have to be provided, it matters little whether we call them cavalry or messengers.

#### PICTURE GALLERIES.

AT the St. George's Gallery, 14 Grafton Street, there is on view a collection of paintings and drawings by French artists that offers varied aspects of interest, since the exhibition is not restricted to one school or group of painters, nor to one period of modern French work. Something like fifty years of the past is the range, as time goes, represented in the Gallery. There is, for instance, Delacroix's "Daniel in the Lions' Den" (18), an interesting rather than an important example of the master; and there is a study by the eccentric yet talented M. Besnard, "At the Window" (1), which is as extravagant a specimen of the painter's *eccentricité voulue* as could be cited. Two masterly drawings by Meissonier are shown, the one a "Portrait of himself in Venetian robes as a Doge" (4), in black chalk, every line and touch eloquent with force and significance, notable for the sculptural treatment of the drapery and dignity of pose. The other, in water-colour, is a study for the famous painting "1805." Wonderful is the vivacious individuality in each man and horse of the long serried line of cavalry, yet the effect of cohesion and unity in the whole is perfect. "The Shepherdess" (10), by J. F. Millet, a beautiful drawing from the collection of Mlle. Rosa Bonheur, epitomizes the qualities of the artist—the personality of Millet, in a word—as few, if any, of his paintings do. The grandeur and simplicity of this noble work move us as with an appeal too deep and poignant for transcription in language. Corot is represented by "The Little Bathers" (14), an interesting study of boys fishing in a pool under a dense canopy of interlacing foliage: and by a larger and more important painting of river and woodland, "Solitude" (27)—a dark and silent stream overhung with rock-rooted trees opening afar into a vista of wooded hills, the suave and wave-like lines of which form an adorable composition. Corot himself has scarcely surpassed the ethereal subtlety of the painting of the tranquil evening sky flecked with delicate cloudlets. The "Landscape with Cattle" (16) of Troyon is an admirable example of that master, and the two landscapes, "Villerville" (36) and "The Banks of the Oise" (37), by Daubigny, are both notable for fine colour and breadth of handling. None of the three paintings by Cazin here



shown can be said to justify that painter's reputation. Ziem, on the other hand, is well represented by a characteristic "Venetian Scene" (12) and by an exceptionally fine painting, "The Cannebière at Marseilles" (2). Among other considerable works we must mention a sumptuous still-life study by Vollon, an excellent Dupré—"The Foot-Bridge" (20)—and good specimens of Jacque and Delpy.

Messrs. Frost & Reed, of Bristol, announce the publication of an engraving—now in the hands of M. Haefstangel—of Mr. A. J. Elsley's popular picture, "So Tired"—a pretty and sympathetic child seated on a sofa, soothing a huge St. Bernard dog—as a companion print to their engraving of Mr. Elsley's other popular dog-picture known as "The Biggest."

#### DRAMA—A MODERN EVE.

IT was quite inevitable that the rage for problem plays should find a consummation, and it is not in the least inappropriate to find such consummation in a play without a problem worthy of the name. The very title is a misnomer; *A Modern Eve* is no Eve at all. You may search all antiquity for names of courtezans, but none so commonplace would be found as to fit Mr. Malcolm Salaman's fidgety heroine. We call her fidgety, Mr. Salaman calls her neurotic. Neurotism is the type of the new woman; it has been known from time to time as nerves, migraine, and a dozen different names. Weak women have used it as an excuse, bad women as a justification; but few so badly, so weakly, or unconvincingly, as Mr. Salaman's heroine. The name of Vivien suggests witchcraft and sorcery. There is no witchcraft or sorcery here; she is simply a worthless woman without a single redeeming quality, unless her hypocrisy can be so considered, and the author has been wanting either in the skill or the inclination to make her anything else. In a supererogatory way he tries to tell us that he does not sympathize with that with which he cannot make us sympathize; although, if his play be worth anything at all, that should be his object.

But then, as a matter of fact, his play is not worth anything at all; and, but for the prominence which has been given it by its production at the Haymarket Theatre, by the fact that Mr. and Mrs. Tree and an excellent company have thought fit to perform in it, and that a brilliant representative audience thought fit to attend, we should not consider it worthy of serious attention. It is not in any real sense a work of art. It is, after all, but a fragment of a new "Harlot's Progress"; and, the play having been written, there is no reason why it should not have been indefinitely continued, showing the certain end of the heroine—the squalid and inevitable tragedy of the gutter. There is no art in demonstrating the obvious, but it was this task and none other that Mr. Salaman set himself when he attempted to make a play out of two episodes in the life of a woman whose husband was much too polite when, surprising her in the arms of the half-sentimental, more than half-conceited, and wholly characterless thing she had chosen for her lover, he mildly described her as wanton. Not all the purposeless inane ravings about longing to be oneself and no one else could make such a character acceptable as the sympathetic centre of a play; and Mrs. Tree was far too wise to utter such windy nonsense in such a way as to lead any one to believe that this *Modern Eve* believed in it.

If the central character was defective, the others were scarcely less so. Why a husband who has ability enough to make a fortune in business should always be represented on the stage as a moody fool in his domestic relations is one of those conventions which must be accepted as a fact, but is never understood. Mr. Fred Terry cheerfully accepted the convention, and brought his new melodramatic method to bear with excellent result; but in effect it was rather as though they had cast him to play Sir George Ormonde in *Peril*. To show his sympathy with the other side of the question, necessarily or unnecessarily, the author has introduced a young and flighty wife, who in all her frivolity never forgets the sacred duties of motherhood, and protests almost enough in saying so. We are not allowed to see the wife's first lover, and have no means of judging the measure of his fascinations, beyond the fact that she leaves him within a few hours of her elopement because she has discovered him to be a brute. The second—a blond-headed traveller who writes novels—if less actively repellent, is yet devoid of any such fascinations as will

justify, if anything could, a second infidelity. The part is quite unworthy of Mr. Tree's powers—a fact of which Mr. Tree himself seems scarcely ignorant. Miss Lottie Venne's performance of the flighty wife with maternal instincts possessed those sympathetic qualities, her reputation for which has been somewhat obscured by her indisputable aptitude for lighter kind of work. It cannot be said that the dialogue is dull. It certainly is not so to those to whom it comes freshly; it is, perhaps, even less so to those who are fortunate or unfortunate enough to recognize the sources of its inspiration.

#### REVIEWS.

##### PROFESSOR JEBB'S *ELECTRA*.

*Sophocles.—The Plays and Fragments.* With Critical Notes, Commentary, and Translation in English Prose. By R. C. Jebb, Litt.D., Regius Professor of Greek, and Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and M.P. for the University; Hon. D.C.L. Oxon., Hon. LL.D. Edinburgh, Harvard, Dublin, and Glasgow, Hon. Doct. Philos., Bologna. Part VI. *The Electra*. Edited for the Syndics of the University Press. Cambridge: at the University Press.

THE substantive edition of the *Electra* with which Professor Jebb has just enriched English scholarship is not, he tells us, a mere enlargement of the admirable little commentary which he contributed twenty-seven years ago to the *Catena Classicorum*. The present work is a new one throughout. In the art of translating Greek or Latin poetry into English prose, simple as it may seem to those who have not tried it, the successes have been few and the failures by trained hands are conspicuous. Anybody may turn out a few happy samples; real merit is displayed only in dealing with the bulk. Of Professor Jebb's version of this play it is not too much to say that it could be understood and enjoyed by a reader who did not or could not refer to the Greek. Take the animated speech in which *Electra* (558-609) upbraids her mother:—

"Then I will speak. Thou sayest thou hast slain my father. What word could bring thee deeper shame than that, whether the deed was just or not? But I must tell thee that thy deed was not just; no, thou wert drawn on to it by the wooing of the base man who is now thy spouse. Ask the huntress Artemis what deed she punished when she stayed the frequent wind at Aulis; or I will tell thee, for we may not learn from her. My father, so I have heard, was once disporting himself in the grove of the goddess, when his footfall startled a dappled and antlered stag; he shot it, and chanced to utter a certain boast concerning its slaughter. Wrath thereat, the daughter of Leto detained the Greeks, that, in requittance for the wild creature's life, my father should yield up the life of his own child. Thus it befell that she was sacrificed, since the fleet had no other release, homeward or to Troy; and for that cause, and under sore reluctance, at last he slew her—not for the sake of Menelaus.

"But grant—for I will take thy plea—grant that the motive of his deed was to benefit his brother—was that a reason for his dying by thy hand? Under what law? See that, in making such a law for men, thou make not trouble and remorse for thyself; for, if we are to take blood for blood, thou wouldst be the first to die, didst thou meet with thy desert. But look if thy pretext is not false. For tell me, if thou wilt, wherefore thou art now doing the most shameless deeds of all—dwelling as wife with that blood-guilty one, who first helped thee to slay my sire, and bearing children to him, while thou hast cast out the earlier-born, the stainless offspring of a stainless marriage. Or wilt thou say that this, too, is thy vengeance for thy daughter? Nay, a shameful plea, if so thou plead; 'tis not well to wed an enemy for a daughter's sake.

"But indeed I may not even counsel thee—who shriekest that I revile my mother; and truly I think that to me thou art less a mother than a mistress; so wretched is the life that I live, ever beset with miseries by thee and thy partner. And that other, who scarce escaped thy hand, the hapless Orestes, is wearing out his ill-starred days in exile. Often hast thou charged me with rearing him to punish thy crime; and I would have done so, if I could, thou mayst be sure—for that matter, denounce me to all as disloyal, if thou wilt, or petulant, or impudent; for if I am accomplished in such ways, methinks I am no unworthy child of thee."

In an elaborate, but always interesting, argument Professor Jebb shows that Sophocles, disregarding the later accretions of the legend, chose to follow the Homeric version of the story of Orestes—the view that his vengeance on his mother for the murder of his father was a simple act of justice. He "reverts to the epic view that the deed of Orestes is simply laudable, and



therefore final. It suited this aim to concentrate the sympathies of the spectators against Clytemnestra as well as Ægisthus. And nothing could be more effective for this purpose than to show how their long oppression had failed to break down the heroic constancy of Electra." The idea that the matricide involved a curse does not occur in the *Odyssey*; it is the creation of later thinkers, and is traceable, Professor Jebb says, to the influence of the Delphic priesthood seeking to magnify the office of Apollo.

If a man, even under a Divine mandate, sheds the blood of a kinsman, however guilty, he has angered the Erinyes. But "Apollo can estimate the degree of guilt," and has "empowered his servants to administer rites by which, under certain conditions, a defiled person may be freed from the stain." When the doctrine was first promulgated, it "must have been, on the whole, beneficent," since it tempered the fear of capricious or vindictive deities by trust in a God who, as his priests taught, "never swerved from equity, and was always capable of clemency." And it had its ecclesiastical value because it condemned to utter wretchedness the offender who did not make the necessary submission to religious authority. By a highly plausible piece of subjective literary reconstruction, Professor Jebb makes out that in the *Oresteia* of Stesichorus, after the hero had killed his mother, he was visited by the Erinyes, and defended himself with the bow and arrows given by Apollo. And these, of course, are the main lines that are followed by Æschylus. While the crime of Clytemnestra is the subject of his *Agamemnon*, and the vengeance taken by Orestes of the *Choephori*, it is the judgment given on him which is the theme of the *Eumenides*. The different treatment of the legend by the two poets is characteristic of their genius. Æschylus exhibits in grand outline the "working of an eternal law, full of mystery and terror"; the invisible and supernatural powers are made of prime importance, while the human agents are but sketched in by a few strokes of the master's hand. But with Sophocles the interest lies chiefly in the portraiture of human character, which is led up to by a series of ingeniously contrived situations. There is, however, one difficulty about the *Electra*, and Professor Jebb, though he faces it, has not disposed of it. How could Sophocles ignore the view that the matricide of Orestes needed pardon and expiation before an audience imbued with the sentiments of the *Choephori*, and amongst whom were sitting priestly exponents of an almost canonical doctrine? Professor Jebb can only suggest that, the Homeric colouring being so marked and insisted on in the *Electra*—in the details of the legend, and even in some verbal echoes of the original text—Sophocles made a sort of appeal to the epic conscience of the spectators. He was giving them—modified for the stage—the story they had read in the *Odyssey*, and they must regard it from the purely Homeric point of view.

As a good Sophoclean, Professor Jebb will not hear of the suggestion put forward by Wilamowitz, that this play was either indebted or subsequent to that of Euripides. The drift of the latter is, he says, quite apparent. Euripides could not relieve Orestes from the guilt of matricide, so he has tried to modify it by dividing the responsibility between the brother and sister. But the real object of this qualified exoneration of the actual criminal is to reflect on the god who instigated the unnatural act. "I have told you," he seems to say, "the story in my own way, but reconciling it, as far as possible, with reason. And now, having done my best with it, I feel bound to add that it remains a damning indictment against Apollo, and a scandal to the moral sense of mankind." The play of Euripides is one, in fact, that could not have commended itself to the literary judgment of Sophocles; its homely realism is alien from his ideal art, and approximates to the manner of the Middle Comedy. Nor is it quite an artistic success. But even if the resemblances between the two tragedies were stronger than they are, it would not follow that Sophocles is the debtor. So far as probable motive goes, there is just a possibility that Euripides might have wished to protest against his predecessor's "calm condonation of matricide," and to show how the subject might be handled without ignoring the moral and religious problems it involved.

The footnotes to the text have been considerably relieved by relegating some of the longest to appendices, as, for instance, at l. 363-4—*ἐμοὶ γὰρ ἔστω τοῦ μὲν λυπεῖν μόνον βόσκημα*—which is rendered "for me be it food enough that I do not wound mine own conscience," in accordance with one of the Scholia which paraphrases it as *τοῦτο μόνον ἐμὲ βοσκέτω, τὸ μὴ λυπεῖν ἐμὲ αὐτὴν εἰ τοῖς φρονέουσιν τοῦ πατρὸς πείθεσθαι ἀναγκασθήσομαι*. The numerous other conjectures which have been made vary according to the sense required by the emendators. Thus, Erfurdt and Professor Campbell write *λυποῦν*, which the former interprets as *satis habeo non exagitari adulterorum inhumanitate*, and the latter as "I will have such maintenance alone as will not cause me pain." Amongst many suggestions, the following may just be men-

tioned:—*τοῦ μὲν λυπεῖν* (Brunck), *τοῦν ἐμοὶ λυπεῖν* (Hermann), and *τοῦτο δὲ, λυπεῖν* (G. Wolff); *τοῦν ἐμὲ λύπη* (Burgess), and *τοῦτο δὲ, λύπη* (W. Hoffman), and *τοῦ μὲν λυπεῖν* (M. Schmidt); and such bolder ones as *τοῦ μὲν μὴ ἔλπεῖν* (Lobeck), *τοῦ μὲν μὴ γυνπεῖν* (Bergk), and *πατέρ' ἐμὸν κλαίειν* (Fröhlich). A well-known difficulty occurs at 743, in the description of the chariot race:—

*ἔπειτα λύων ἥνιαν ἀριστερὰν  
κάμπτοντος ἵππου λαμβάνει στήλην ἄκραν  
παίσας.*

This is rendered by Professor Jebb, "at last, slackening his left rein, while the horse was turning, unawares he struck the edge of the pillar." Orestes is supposed on this theory to be turning sharply round the goal from right to left, and was, therefore, pulling the rein of the left trace horse. He slackened it a moment too soon, thus letting the horse draw with more force, the effect being to "create an angular velocity which brought the left wheel into collision with the goal." By this explanation we are saved from the rather violent course of replacing *λύων* with a word of opposite meaning, such as *ἀνέλκων* or *τείνων*. The effect of tightening the rein of the horse on the extreme left, and therefore nearest to the post, would be to lessen its pulling force as compared with that of the other three horses, and therefore would not tend to bring the wheel into collision with the post. To understand Professor Jebb's theory of "angular velocity," it is necessary to remember that the chariot had only two wheels, since with four that effect would have been greatly modified, if not prevented, by the friction of the ground. It is an ingenious view lucidly argued; but most scholars, we venture to think, will prefer the simpler explanation that *λύων ἥνιαν ἀριστερὰν* merely marks the moment of the accident, and does not try to explain it by attributing a mistake to the driver. At 316 Professor Jebb punctuates at the end of the fourth foot (*ὡς νῦν ἀπόντος ἱστώρει τί σοι φίλον*); and declines to follow the editors who "still" write *ἱστώρει τί σοι φίλον* and "maintain that *τί* can stand for *ὅτι*, though there is no indirect question." He goes one by one through the passages which have been adduced in support of that view—classical, post-classical, and Hellenistic. In the former category there are but three instances—Euripides, *Ion*, 324, *τάλασσα σ' ἢ τεκοῦσα τίς ποτ' ἦν ἄρα* (where a colon might be put after *τεκοῦσα*, and a note of interrogation after *ἄρα*); Euripides, *Fr.* 773, *αἰροῦ τί χρήσεις ἐν πέρα γὰρ οὐ θέμις λαβεῖν σε* (where *ΛΕΓΕΙ* might easily have passed into *ΑΙΤΟΥ*, or where it would be possible, if somewhat abrupt, to write *αἰροῦ τί χρήσεις*; *ἐν κ.τ.λ.*); and, finally, the speech attributed to Demosthenes (*κατὰ Διονυσιοδώρον*) *οὐ ταῦτ' ἀπίστελλον πάντα δεῦρο, ἀλλ' ἐκλεγόμενοι τίνων αἱ τιμαὶ ἐπετέτατο* (where the *ἐκλεγόμενοι* "obviously implies an indirect question").

In the space at our disposal it is only possible to refer to a few passages in the commentary which, like those selected, give a measure of the acuteness and learning displayed in the whole. It should be added that Professor Jebb has drawn up an elaborate Metrical Analysis, and given a short but sufficient discussion of the manuscripts and editions of the *Electra*, and that the Greek and English indices have been most carefully compiled.

#### LORD ORMONT AND HIS AMINTA.

*Lord Ormont and his Aminta.* By George Meredith. London: Chapman & Hall. 1894.

THE taste for Mr. George Meredith's later novels is a sentiment personal, freakish, tiptoeing an impertinent superiority of glance. From a pinnacle of the supercilious it twinkles a cavalier stare:—below, the swinish; above—the stars. *Georgium sidus*!

You see the trick on't, and could scrawl yourself if bitten by the asp of metaphor, loving the wrong word in the improper place, a wide critique as difficult to read as any novel in this manner done.

To return to the English language; Mr. Meredith occupies in fiction a place very like that which Mr. Browning held in prose. It is a high place, and was won long ago by dint of romance much more to our private taste than *Lord Ormont and his Aminta*. But Mr. Meredith, like Mr. Browning, is master of a *ducdame*—a spell to lead persons of no conspicuous taste or sense into a circle. The faults of both authors, the tormented style, the volunteered obscurities, have become an attraction to many students ambitious of posing as *raffinés*. Yet the faults are so conspicuous, and, to the lovers of the English language and of lucidity, so vexatious, that unambitious readers are compelled to be protesting when they would far liefer be admiring.

What does mankind want from a novel? It wants a plain

and an alluring tale; characters vivid, well discriminated, and easily to be remembered; Claverhouse or Captain Costigan, Beatrix Esmond or Diana Vernon. A varied discourse, expressive of themselves, ought to be in the mouths of these personages. Now, we cannot honestly call Mr. Meredith's new tale interesting, nor his characters sympathetic as people, nor so drawn and posed as to persuade us of their reality. This lack of reality, again, seems partly to come from the uniform Meredithian manner of their conversation. Thackeray had a very marked style of his own, but Mr. Harry Foker does not discourse in it; nor does Captain Dobbin, nor does Captain Costigan, or Harry Warrington. Thackeray's characters all talk each in his or her own voices. In this novel almost all of Mr. Meredith's people talk in Mr. Meredith's voice. There is hardly more difference of accent among them than we listen to from the mouths of the *dramatis personæ* in the tragedy of *Punch and Judy*. The one voice, here, is high pitched and not in the natural manner of life. Mr. Meredith himself, as Chorus, talks a great deal, and his voice is also the voice of his personages. We cannot sincerely affirm that the result is, to our taste, dramatic, or even entertaining. The constant chase of metaphors prompts the reader to skip. Man cannot live on squibs and catherine-wheels alone, and he turns for relief to the plain and varied prose, to the life and colour and vicissitude and friendly charm of Mr. Du Maurier's *Trilby*. We are urged by Nature herself to skip. Yet skip we may not, for fear of losing the word of the enigma. "Wherefore do they so?" Why do Mr. Meredith's people behave as they do behave? Mystery! but we must labour to elucidate.

Lord Ormont was a distinguished cavalry officer, much admired as a hero by the boys at Mr. Cruder's private academy. One of these boys, the chief of them, Weyburn, also admired a Miss Aminta, a dark 'young lady, whom he met on his Sunday walks, she, too, marching with the girls of a female seminary. They corresponded, we fear not by the time-honoured method of notes inserted in triangular jam puffs. Lord Ormont got into trouble for some salutary high-handed act in India; he conceived rancour against an ungrateful country. "This, all this, was in the olden time long ago," before duelling went out, and railways came in. Now, Lord Ormont was one of those candles at which the feminine moth scorches her wings. He, sulking in his tent, was attended by a Briseis, a beautiful dark lady, whom some persons called "Lady Ormont," while others doubted of her status. Why Lord Ormont left his wife (if she was his wife, as we make little or no doubt) in this penumbra, and in society something shady, is just the problem; but, to be sure, the story could not get on without this behaviour. With submission we take it that the peer's conduct was part of his general sulkiness; and, again, part of his elderly dislike to being actually married and dene for. At all events, Aminta (for she, as the acute reader will have divined, was Lady Ormont) became very dissatisfied and gunpowdery. A wicked Mr. Morsfield wrote love letters to her, which she kept in her jewel-box. He was aided by her idiotic aunt. However, Aminta did not encourage Mr. Morsfield, nor did she complain to Lord Ormont, as not desiring a duel. To them enter Weyburn, the schoolboy lover, now, of all things in the world, a youth who wants to found a kind of international school for boys in Switzerland. He becomes Lord Ormont's secretary; and, when we have added a free-spoken, fierce sister of Lord Ormont—a Lady Charlotte—we have the elements of the romance. It were unfair to go more deeply into the fable, including the duel with foils of which the duellists knocked off the steel buttons. This is a feat so hopeless to perform that it exists only in novels, though it is said to be forbidden in the French army. We leave Aminta and Weyburn apparently keeping the international school together; whereto Lord Ormont sends his grand-nephew, as thinking the school a good school.

This, of course, is the merest skeleton of a plot. The reader must make up his own mind as to whether he likes the company of the courageous and beautiful Aminta, of the earnest Weyburn, of the patriotic but sulky Lord Ormont, of the infatuated Morsfield, and of the rest, or not. It has not been given to us to interest ourselves greatly in their fortunes. Weyburn is like one of Scott's young men—brave, honest, muscular, not too clever, except in discourse. But Henry Morton would never have run away with a married Aminta. As to the style—wherein we read of "pinaforing a jiggling eagerness," and so forth—it often leaves us uninstructed; but that may well be the result of mere stupidity on our side. In vol. i. p. 205 the mystery in the first sentence of the second paragraph is probably caused by a slip of the pen, "Lady Ormont" being written for "Lord Ormont." "She flushed her dark, brown-red late-sunset." This is a hard saying, and there are

many like it. Mrs. Lawrence says, "Matthew Weyburn! We both like the name. I've seen it on certain evenings—crimson over an olive sky." Perhaps people talk like this; but one is unconvinced. "The tip-toe sparkle of a happy mind did not leap from her at wayside scenes." "Tip-toe sparkle"—is it a good phrase, a desirable conceit, or is it not? As for the moral problem, the unacknowledged, or half-acknowledged, wife running away with the schoolmaster, the schoolmaster himself thinks that he offends "good citizenship," but not that he offends "Divine law." "Advantage seldom comes of it," says the poet, sardonically, and it is certainly a drawback in the profession of education. As a mere matter of creeping fact, we conceive that the boys would have been taken away from the international academy. However, some persons may steal a horse, while others may not look over a hedge, and in this instance the hero and heroine were of the privileged class. On the whole, we agree with Lord Ormont, "if a story had to be told he liked it plain, without jerks and evolutions." From evolution we can in no wise escape, but it is possible to dispense with jerks. "The ball must be bowled, not thrown or jerked," says the law. Mr. Meredith jerks it, and many persons revel in results which, we are certain, will gratify them, as ensuing from *Lord Ormont and his Aminta*. "And the rest they must live and learn."

Among these still uninitiated readers, not yet confirmed devotees, the verdict on Mr. Meredith's novel will probably be that he has imagined a good and puzzling moral situation. The early lovers meet and renew their affection, when the woman can hardly be called the wife of another man, so vague is her legal position. Of course, if ever our sympathies are to be with Tristram and Iselt, if ever we are to excuse their troth-plight (renewed as they swim together), it is in such a very unusual situation as theirs. Here, then, is the "problem" so dear to all who have given up the notion that the game of life must be played according to the laws of the game, whether we call them human laws or divine. But, granting the situation, the characters are not winning. The young dominie is out of place in such a galley as this. And as to the style, we have said enough, or too much; yet the style is the novel.

#### REMINISCENCES OF AN INDIAN POLICE OFFICIAL.

*Reminiscences of an Indian Police Official.* By T. C. Arthur. Illustrated by Horace Van Ruith, Esq., and E. M. Cantley. London: Sampson Low, Marston, & Co. 1894.

IT is greatly to Mr. Arthur's credit that, though employed for many years in the prevention and detection of crime in the Southern Maratha country, and familiarized in consequence with Oriental depravity in its most hideous aspects, he does not forget the good qualities of Muhammadans and Hindus. He is not perpetually contrasting the mild business of an English gaol delivery and quarter sessions with the frightful disclosures in the Courts of Ratnagiri or Belgaum. He knows perfectly well, as Macaulay once put it, that London itself is rich and tempting enough to offer a splendid field for the ingenuity of ten thousand rogues and thieves. And he is careful to note all the pleasing traits in native character which "come back to our minds in very practical form when we have left India for good"; the unbounded hospitality, the kindness of disposition, the fidelity of the domestic or official servant which has been tested in sickness and change of circumstances, and which, even in all the pandemonium of the Sepoy Mutiny, could be set against stories of the basest treachery and turpitude. And yet Mr. Arthur, in his vocation, had to deal with every kind of crime. He says with great truth that the worst feature in the Asiatic criminal is his vindictiveness. To plot against the life of one who has done his best to compass your fall, who has dishonoured wife or daughter, or lain in wait for a son; to shoot a grasping landlord and knock a land agent on the head—these sort of episodes are familiar enough in British annals of crime. But in his thirst for revenge the Asiatic will sacrifice himself, his wife, his child, his unoffending neighbour, if he can only get up a case against a rival. Human life for him has no sanctity. If the native policeman ought to discover a human body in the premises of his deadly foe, with clothes and ornaments, any one may be sacrificed to supply the *corpus delicti*. The author gives us an instance where a father, not without natural affection, slaughtered his only child simply to clear off scores with a money-lender; and there are other cases almost too ghastly to quote. Mr. Arthur was quite justified in giving us the seamy side of Asiatic life. In another so-called murder case a respectable old Brahman was accused of sacrificing his own son, and this on the testimony of two eye-witnesses who deposed to having seen the horrid deed, with every minute circumstance of detail and with a fidelity and



corroboration that no cross-examination could shake. Judges trained exclusively in the English system have sometimes, in similar cases, innocently asked the counsel for the defence what there was to rebut and discredit such clear, positive, and connected testimony. Fortunately Indian Superintendents, Magistrates, and Judges of Session are in the habit of considering, not whether the story told by Bapoo and Baloo is un rebutted, but whether in itself it is credible. Mr. Arthur and the Committing Magistrate were perfectly certain, from the first, that the whole evidence was a lie. And so it turned out. Bones said to be those of the Brahman's murdered son were fished up from a deep pool, and pronounced by an expert to be the remains of a bullock. And, to crown all, the murdered man himself, who had been purposely hiding in the Nizam's dominions, was discovered safe and sound and produced in Court. The innocent father fainted and all but died of the shock. The two perjured eye-witnesses, as was to be expected, never moved a muscle. It is hardly a compensation to know that these rascals got only three years with hard labour—a sentence absurdly inadequate to their crimes. At the same time we do not think that, with any Judge and native assessors of ordinary intelligence, there would have been any danger of a judicial murder had the case gone to trial. These circumstantial murders of men who have been purposely kept out of the way are common in Indian Courts from Delhi to Chittagong, and from Assam to Tinnevely; and we have known intelligent and energetic police officers employed for weeks in endeavours to discover the hiding-place of an individual, said to have been kidnapped or murdered, who had never had any existence at all. *C'est si connu aux Indes.*

It is a pleasure to turn from these grim narratives to episodes by no means destitute of humour. Of this kind is the regular personification of deceased pensioners at the station of Dapoolie. This is a delightful healthy place in the district of Ratnagiri, about five miles from the sea, at an elevation of six hundred feet. It was the residence of veteran Sepoys who had been pensioned after doing good service in 1857-58. An anonymous petition brought to light the distressing fact that pensions had been drawn long after the decease of the real incumbents, and that there was, besides, an organized scheme by which pensions still due to survivors had been intercepted and were in the main enjoyed by money-lenders in the bazaar and by the native clerks of the department. A long investigation ensued in which the military authorities were all but baffled. But by the skill of an Englishman in the Ordnance Department, and of an intelligent Parsee, books were seized; rolls were inspected; and it was found that one Tannak, who had originally been intended for the army, had been in the habit of dressing himself up as a pensioner and drawing the allowances. This enterprising individual, from his photograph and from the letterpress, must have had a lively sense of humour. He was sagacious enough not to personate more than two pensioners on the same day, one in the morning, and one in the evening, except on special occasions, when he appeared five times. His military salute was admirably given, and he subsequently related, with just pride, how he had managed to draw the allowance of the Subadar-Major and of Sirdar Ramnak Bahadur for four years. Of course, this gifted actor had got his own "commission" every time. The sharpness of the English Superintendent in detecting a series of interpolations in the native account books would have done credit to the best officers in Scotland Yard.

Murders of children for their ornaments are very common all over India. The criminal is often a wrinkled old hag, who strangles or drowns a little child for bangles worth four or five rupees. Thuggee, Mr. Arthur thinks, is almost extinct. But poisoning by arsenic or the Dhatura plant is still common. An insinuating stranger joins a company of travelling merchants, pretends to be of the same caste, warns them against bad company, mixes poison with the rice or vegetables, and then decamps with whatever valuables he can find. Wrecking on the coast of the Bombay Presidency had at one time been carried to a perfection which the typical Cornishman would have envied. Fifteen or twenty confederates contracted with a merchant of Surat or Bombay to convey a valuable cargo to some port on the West coast. In due time the Serang, or native skipper, turned up at the Presidency and related, almost with tears, how the good ship had sprung a leak, struck on a shoal and foundered, or had been dashed to pieces on a rocky shore. The crew, after unparalleled efforts to save the cargo and the vessel, had barely escaped with their lives. In one of these ventures a *butela*, or native craft, had been freighted with spices and barrels of coconut oil. The ship had been quietly beached and the cargo promptly sold in portions to the villagers. Some fifty casks, besides spars, sails, and the cooking-pots of the crew, were found conveniently buried in the sand. Under a regulation of Mount-

stuart Elphinstone, the villagers were made responsible for the loss, and a fine of five thousand rupees was levied on them and made over to the shippers. Why should not this sort of penalty be levied in offending districts in Ireland? But it would hardly do to borrow a very practical remedy from a despotic and tyrannical Government.

Criminal records in India might be said to be as full of undiscovered murders as an Irish district is of absentee landlords. Some deaths are not reported at all. In other cases, snakes, wild buffaloes, and tigers account for a good deal. Detection, obviously, is rendered more difficult by the hot and destructive climate. Occasionally, a corpse is suspended to the nearest tree to induce the belief of suicide. Once Mr. Arthur received an express from the Patel or head man of the village, telling him that two brothers had gone out to cut wood in the jungle, and that one of them had been strack down by a tiger. These animals, especially man-eaters, have been known to listen for the sound of the woodcutter's axe, and to spring suddenly from behind on the unfortunate villager. So there was nothing impossible in the Patel's story, save that Mr. Arthur, who was fond of sport, very much doubted whether there was any haunt of tigers within thirty miles. On reaching the village everything, at first, seemed to bear out the Patel. The corpse was stretched out on its back. The face was crushed, and one eye was nearly gone. The body, we should have stated, had been previously carried to a rest-house, but the Superintendent thought it just as well to visit the actual scene of the occurrence. Here were signs of a deadly struggle and plenty of blood, but where was the track in the long grass through which the tiger must have come down on his prey? Having caused the jungle to be beaten by a line of villagers without starting anything but some wild hogs, Mr. Arthur returned to the rest-house, and had the corpse turned over on its face, when "the murder was out." Severe gashes on the back of the neck and in the arm were not due to the claws of a wild beast but to the weapon of a man. In fact, one brother had killed the other on account of some squabble about a miserable plot of land. The murderer was convicted and hanged, and the Patel who had got up the story of the tiger was severely punished. In hushing up similar events, village watchmen and Zamindars' agents are actuated not so much by sympathy with the criminal as by a desire to avoid the worry of a visit from the police, the investigation before the sitting magistrate, and the eventual attendance at the Sessions. The author inclines to the opinion that in a large proportion of cases murders are not reported, and that in reported crimes of this kind convictions are not obtained owing to the want of a regularly organized force of detectives as distinct from the ordinary police.

Perjury, every Indian official is well aware, is common in India, though deductions ought to be made from the sum-total by allowance for the ignorance of rural witnesses, their confusion and terror when brought into Court, and the over-anxiety of the English officer. Witnesses who have not been "got at," and are neither bribed nor silenced by some big and interested personage, not unfrequently tell their story admirably. And good cases are often marred by the habit, common to the police and the village attorney, of needlessly bolstering a sound testimony and supplying what are thought to be weak points or deficient links in the chain. But far worse than perjury is the habit of forgery. Every new Act about stamps or registration of deeds, every investigation into titles, sub-tenures, and the holdings of Ryots, affords scope for the ingenuity of the forger. Signatures are cleverly imitated, papers are smoked and dried to give them the appearance of age, and impressions of the seals of the Raja and the Talukdar defy detection. We can credit the experienced judge alluded to by Mr. Arthur, who said that all new administrative and legal measures are apt to produce a "flush of forgery" throughout the land.

On divers other topics Mr. Arthur furnishes valuable hints as well as amusing incidents. The English or European loafer is the product in India of the last thirty years, owing to the increase of railways, public works, and private enterprise. A conversation between one of this roving fraternity and the Patel, with the bad Hindostani of the one and the utter bewilderment of the other, is, in its way, nearly equal to Mr. Rudyard Kipling. Several of the illustrations are very good. Like many public servants who are thoroughly conversant with the idiom of the artisan and the peasant, Mr. Arthur is a little careless as to the transliteration of Oriental names and titles. But we can credit him with getting at the real facts, where a learned professor would be puzzled. And, if he somewhat fiercely denounces Red Tape in high places, the feebleness of an Appellate Court at Bombay, and the amazing impudence of the Congress, we do not quarrel with him for these incidental outbursts in what is a healthy and suggestive book.

## ICE AND ICE-WORK IN BRITAIN.

*Papers and Notes on the Glacial Geology of Great Britain and Ireland.* By the late Henry Carvill Lewis, M.A., F.G.S., Professor of Mineralogy in the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia, &c. Edited from his Unpublished MSS., with an Introduction by Henry W. Crosskey, LL.D., F.G.S. London: Longmans. 1894.

THIS book has an interest unusually sad. Professor Carvill Lewis, who had devoted some years to the close study of the glacial deposits of America and of Europe, left the former country in the summer of 1888 on his way to Norway, sickened with typhoid fever immediately after landing in England, and died in Manchester after a short illness. His note-books and other manuscripts, in accordance with his express wish, were placed in the hands of Dr. H. W. Crosskey, with the request that he "would arrange, criticize, and edit them" for the author. This task, even with one so familiar with the subject as Dr. Crosskey, occupied some time, and soon after its completion he also passed away in the autumn of 1893. Thus the main labour of seeing the manuscript through the press has fallen upon Mrs. Lewis, who had been the companion of her husband on most of his journeys, and the constant partner of his studies.

A work prepared under such circumstances must not be judged by the ordinary standards of criticism. Part of it, indeed, consists of papers read to scientific societies, and might be supposed to represent the author's matured opinions; but even these were to some extent *ballons d'essai*, written with a view of eliciting criticism; the larger part, however, consists of extracts from Professor Lewis's note-book, recording observations in the field, with remarks and criticisms suggested by them. These, jotted down as they occurred, are not always quite consistent one with another; for sometimes an opinion, perhaps too hastily formed, was modified by further work. So far as is possible, Dr. Crosskey, who has performed a most difficult task with excellent judgment, has removed difficulties by calling attention in foot-notes to any important change of opinion; but, as he says, he has thought it better not to act as a critic. Still, as Professor Lewis changed his views in regard to one very important question just before the end of his visit to England in 1887, we feel great difficulty in coming to any conclusion as to how far other portions of the book might have been affected by this change, and must content ourselves with giving a brief summary of the conclusions as to the glacial geology of Britain at which Professor Lewis had arrived shortly before his death.

Geologists are generally in agreement on one point—that the more mountainous districts of Scotland, Ireland, Wales, and even England, at a comparatively late epoch in the earth's history, were almost buried beneath ice, and that from these large glaciers descended to the lowlands. With this, however, agreement ends. Over a large part of England, north of the estuaries of the Thames and Severn, boulder clays (or clays full of rock fragments which have come, in many cases, from considerable distances), together with certain associated sands and gravels, are spread like a mantle over the surface of the country, the clays being found up to elevations of at least thirteen hundred feet above sea level, the gravels perhaps even higher. As to the origin of these deposits opinions differ. One school of geologists regards them as directly or indirectly the immediate products of land ice, while another maintains that, though the boulder clay, and, to a less extent, the sands and gravels, owe much to the action of ice, they were in the main deposited beneath the sea during a time of submergence. The former school supposes that the land on the whole stood at a higher level above the sea than it does at present, and that a huge ice-sheet, fed by the Scandinavian mountains on the one hand, and by those of Eastern Scotland on the other, filled up the bed of the North Sea, while another from Western Scotland, the Cambrian hills, and part of Ireland similarly occupied the Irish Sea, pressing back the glaciers of Wales, which however flowed out on the eastern side. The combined mass of ice covered a large part of the English lowlands, its southern margin even reaching as far as Finchley and Muswell Hill, on the northern side of the Thames Valley. With this school Professor Lewis agrees so far as to be very reluctant to admit the idea of any important submergence in England, but he restricts the ice-sheet within narrower limits. In his opinion, it did not extend, on the western side of England, beyond about ten miles south of Shrewsbury, from which position its edge trended in a N.N.E. direction, gradually rising higher and higher against the flank of the Pennine chain, till, at last, in the neighbourhood of Bradford, the ice began to pass over the watershed in an easterly direction. The largest of the glaciers thus produced descended the valleys of the Swale and the Ure as far as York. The higher parts, however, of the wolds in that county were not covered, though some part of this ice, together with much of that from the Scottish uplands, coalesced with

that which occupied the North Sea. The western moraine of this united mass is to be traced along the Yorkshire coast, on which the ice generally trespassed a little, passing over a fairly broad strip of the lowland of Holderness, but turning eastward from the mouth of the Humber. All the glacial deposits south of the line thus described are attributed by Professor Lewis to the action of rivers or of extra-morainic lakes.

The latter hypothesis avoids many difficulties, but it presents more than one of its own, and the occurrence of marine shells in various stratified gravels as well as in boulder clays, at heights ranging sometimes up to about 1,300 feet, obliges Professor Lewis, no less than the more extreme advocates of ice-sheets, to suppose them to have been caught up by the ice as it advanced over the sea-bed, and transported uphill. Apart from the fact that it has not yet been proved that the ice-sheet ever reached the localities where these shells are found, or that they could have survived such a treatment, after a journey overland, in one case of more than thirty miles, this hypothesis fails to explain how the beds in which these shells occur are sometimes well stratified, even on the top of a hill. Marine shells also have been found near Wellington in Shropshire, from four to five hundred feet above sea level. These sections Professor Lewis examined, and admitted that they indicated the former presence of the sea; though, as Dr. Crosskey has noted, he appears not to have retained "the first impression made upon him by the Wellington district."

His attribution of the boulder clays of the Midlands to extra-morainic lakes, which was announced to the British Association in 1887, was met at once by the objection that it failed to explain the occurrence of boulders of Welsh rocks on the northern part of the Clent Hills, 400 feet higher than the margin of his lake. His reply illustrates at once his fertility in hypothesis and his thoroughness. These blocks, he stated, doubtless were not erratics, but indicated the presence of a buried mass of igneous rock. But it seems not to have occurred to him, as any one versed in the geology of the Midlands could have told him, not only that these blocks differ widely from any rock which occurs *in situ* in the neighbourhood, but also that they have been traced from the Severn Valley, at various levels, into Wales. Still, as soon as possible after the meeting, he visited the district around Birmingham, in company with Dr. Crosskey; had an excavation opened, and was convinced that the blocks were truly erratics. Another hypothesis, however, was ready; these blocks now indicated traces of a glaciation of earlier date than any which hitherto he had observed in England. How the difficulties to which this leads would have been circumvented his untimely death has prevented us from knowing.

It is, we think, unfortunate that Professor Lewis, so far as we can ascertain from this book, had spent much time, and come to many conclusions, as to the action of land-ice before he made any study of existing glaciers. This, we think, is beginning the work at the wrong end, because subsequent inductions are liable to be affected by preconceived impressions. This remark applies even more forcibly to an Appendix contributed to this volume by Mr. P. F. Kendall, who, we are told, has arrived independently at conclusions nearly identical with those of Professor Lewis. The former poses as a great authority on British glacial questions, is the editor of a magazine devoted to the subject, and yet admitted publicly, six months ago, that he had never seen a glacier. To support an hypothesis of Professor Lewis by an opinion of Mr. Kendall is something like "shoring" up a wall with unsound timber. Gladly would we have exchanged all that gentleman's contribution for a good index, which the book sorely needs.

We are unable, as we have intimated, to agree with Professor Lewis in some important matters; at the same time we gladly recognize the value of his work, and congratulate Mrs. Lewis on the completion of her labour of love. The book will serve as a starting-point for further examination, and will give a fresh stimulus to the study of the subject. It is well to know how certain phenomena were viewed by a man of exceptional ability and experience. If, perhaps, somewhat dominated by an hypothesis, he was singularly fair and candid, and valued truth far above any personal triumph. He was, as Dr. Crosskey justly says, a man who "so charmed all who met him with the graciousness and beauty of his character, that they will read these imperfect records of his work with an interest of peculiar intensity; while the sad and early close of his earthly career will give a certain pathos to the slightest details they contain."



## MR. ARNOLD WHITE ON DEMOCRACY.

*English Democracy: its Promises and Perils.* By Arnold White. London: Sonnenschein. 1894.

IT was once observed with sententious malignity, "There are two kinds of newspaper-writers—those who write in the papers and those who write to them. Some of the first class are knaves; all of the second are fools." To admit this would be impossible and shocking; but it is undeniable that Mr. Arnold White is a very frequent writer to the papers on what they used to call the Condition-of-England question. In the present volume we do not know whether he has utilized any of his newspaper letters or not; but the characteristics of it are curiously like theirs. We have seldom read a queerer jumble of good and bad, of sense and nonsense. In matters requiring cool judgment and nice discrimination Mr. White is but too frequently to seek; but he can sometimes "see a church by daylight."

For a considerable part of his book it seems verily as though Democracy had come by a denouncer far less polished in style, indeed, and far less logical in method, but not less unsparring, than the late Professor Pearson. Mr. Pearson, no doubt, could never have produced such chaotic sentences as Mr. Arnold White frequently indulges in. Nor would he have written about the "enticements of a stipendiary Venus," when all he meant to indicate was the employment of pretty girls as barmaids. But the placid and logical despair of the author of *National Life and Character* never took much more gloomy views of things present than Mr. Arnold White takes sometimes. Thus under the title of "The Leaders of Demos" we have a most gloomy and a perfectly true account of the way in which demagogues both of the "Labour" type and the clerical and ministerial type are wrestling and wrenching the New Testament to make it support their views. A detailed and not unfair exposition of the deplorable extent to which Marxian fallacies about capital have invaded those members of the working classes who do not care much for spiritual sanctions and arguments follows; to be succeeded in its turn by a still more forcible and an absolutely just account of the astounding gullibility of democracy, of the way in which it is taken in by flags and banners and tall-talk, and of its demands that its leaders shall in speech and manner at least flatter and humbug it. "If Lord Salisbury," says Mr. White, truly enough, "displeases Demos, it is not because he is a peer, but because he will not flatter." He then proceeds to examine the practical effects which Marxian economics on the one hand, and sentimental pseudo-religious politics on the other, are likely to bring about, and discussing the probable nationalization of the railways, takes pains to show the openings for jobbery and the certainty of unprofitable management which would result, glancing at the Anarchist epidemic, which he does not think likely to prove at all a passing one.

Next Mr. White tackles "The Crown," and is equally pessimist about the chances of that institution. He appears to think that the persistent efforts of Mr. Labouchere and his followers have really created a feeling of exasperation among the electors at the cost of monarchy. Here we are not sure that he is right, though we are also not sure that he is wrong; personally, we have heard from the poorer class of electors more grumbling about British Museum and National Gallery grants than about Royal incomes. That a queen or a prince should have so many thousands or hundred thousands a year seems, to the average elector, not unnatural, and he does not feel more than a not ill-natured envy. But, as he experiences not the slightest desire to buy books and pictures himself, it seems horrible to him that the nation should. The most rebellious and inflammatory language that we ever heard from any one but a professional agitator or Anarchist was from two small Devonshire farmers, excellent fellows in their way, on the subject of the purchase of the Ansidei Madonna. However, we must not leave Mr. White kicking his heels. He does not think that at the very next demise the Crown will fall; but he thinks that it will be attacked, and probably shorn of some of its flowers. And he hints uncomfortably that when England *does* become a Republic, good-bye at once to India and the colonies, on which last point we fully agree with him. It must be hard enough for a man of sense and spirit to acknowledge allegiance to a republic in his own country; to acknowledge it to one in another would be very surprising indeed. May it be supposed that, after so black a picture as this, which we cut short in order not to make it too long, Mr. Arnold White follows those Frenchmen who are now sighing for a *bon tyran*, joins the diminished ranks of the Old Tories, or something of the kind? Oh! dear, no. He has a magisterial passage in which he warns us that the reactionist is worse than the revolutionary, which is about as sensible as if he should say that the caulker is worse than the scuttler. He has one of his own special wild and wondrous "beliefs in A and not-A," to the effect that, while the

Jews are in some way to save England, democracy will "go for" the Jews here as it has elsewhere sooner or later. He thinks that woman, bewitching woman, will also save us—we entertain the profoundest lack of comprehension how, though Mr. White expends many pages on the process. An extraordinarily misty and windy chapter at the end communicates to us, among other things, the important fact that Mr. Arnold White, with the best possible will to Christianity, "arrived at the conclusion that the evidence for the Resurrection and Ascension is not sufficient to determine in our Civil Courts a trivial question of property or title." And the evidence for the death of Caesar, much more for the battle of Salamis? In short, throughout this book we find the very spirit which has brought about the mischiefs of which Mr. White complains—the spirit of bumptious sciolism, of *ignoratio elenchi*, of fad and crotchet, of the belief that the individual (any individual) is *metron pantes*, and that Mr. Arnold White's opinion, whether on political problems which have been practically settled by the experience of centuries, or on theological problems the whole essence of which is that they never can be settled at all, is something real, an asset, a value.

Among the innumerable contradictions and fallacies of a curiously loose-thinking book (on which we should not have spent so much time if it had not seemed to us, as we have just said, to indicate usefully the hopeless confusion of thought which is the root of all our evils) we note one tenet of Mr. White's which is demonstrably baseless. While admitting or upbraiding the selfishness of Democracy, he says that its predecessors were equally selfish. Now this we deny and can disprove. It is perfectly true that there was far too much self-seeking in England, both under monarchy in its more or less pure state, under the mitigated aristocracy of 1660-1830, and under the short-lived middle-class triumph of thirty years in the middle of the nineteenth century. There was even, as we hold (and we think we could account for it), a regular growth of this evil quality. But under none of the three did it attain the dignity of a conscious, an avowed, an engrossing first principle. The King and the aristocracy, major and minor, of the unreformed Parliament, always professed, and probably in many cases really felt, a desire to act for the good of the whole nation. Even the Manchester School utterly refused to admit that it was aiming at the damage of any class; on the contrary, it asserted that Free-trade, and so forth, would do good to all. But Democracy (most clearly in its Trade-Union extremes, but everywhere more or less) does not even pretend to look at the good of any other class. "Perish England, perish the trade of England, perish the landlords, perish the capitalists," say almost in so many words and sometimes in so many our Democrats, "for the benefit of the people," which is not now the whole people, but only the lower classes. Even the unphilosophical plea that the other *régimes* were hypocritical, and Democracy is not, will not establish Mr. White's contention, for the hypocrites had to act up now and then at least to their professed creed. Democracy need not and does not condescend to imitate them.

We cannot therefore, much as we should like to do so, describe this book in the words which some excellent people love—as "calculated to do good." For the good which it might possibly give with one hand it takes away with the other. Mr. Arnold White, in effect, says:—"O People of England, you are going—in fact, you are about half-way down the slope—to a precipice. Everybody who has gone over that precipice before has been more or less smashed to pieces, and I am by no means sure that your own bones and members are not already showing considerable signs of disintegration. Just look at that ugly jag there; and the nasty way in which the waves are beating below it! Watch poor Jacques Bonhomme and the venerable Uncle Sam, who are already battling with the tide after having half the life knocked out of them in the fall! But, whatever you do, I pray you don't think of going back. That would be a 'reaction,' which you know is a dreadful thing. After all, something may happen. You have 'racial common sense' (think how nice racial common sense will be when you are turning somersaults in the air down there!) Besides, I see several little bushes about the cliff; perhaps you may catch hold of those. And then there's Woman and Jews, and the 'offchance of pleasing the First Cause,' and the 'Union of Christ and Democracy,' and I don't know what else. Perhaps it will be all right!"

There is a religious allegory of the last generation which some aged persons even of this may have read, and in which the evil genius is a young woman called Self-Deceit. We remember being rather sorry for poor Self-Deceit when she came to a very bad end, with those who trusted to her. But the bad end to which she came was indubitable. And we are afraid that Mr. Arnold White was one of her victims.

## TRAVEL, SPORT, AND ADVENTURE.

*Diary of a Journey across Tibet.* By Captain Hamilton Bower. London: Percival & Co. 1894.

*Five Months' Sport in Somali Land.* By Lord Wolverton. London: Chapman & Hall. 1894.

*Souvenirs of Some Continents.* By Archibald Forbes. London: Macmillan & Co. 1894.

MOST travellers are inclined to make much ado about nothing, but Captain Bower makes small ado about much. His adventurous journey is described in so modest and matter-of-fact a manner that we are disposed to make light of its difficulties, as he seems to do himself. While crossing from Leh to Ichang, on the Yang-tse-Kiang, where, stepping on board a steamer, he may be said to have returned to civilization, he never knew when he might not be turned back; and a man less resolute might have had to retrace his steps when actually within sight of the recognized Chinese frontier. There was scarcely a stage of the slow and tedious journey at which he did not meet with obstruction in one shape or another. Officials refused to acknowledge his Chinese passports. The headmen of hamlets or villages had a profound mistrust of the pale strangers, who, as they were told, were the advance guard of an English invasion. The nomads or peasants were agreeably surprised by receiving liberal payments and gratuities, but as they had never expected to be paid at all, it was difficult to persuade them to bring in supplies. Above all, the ruling and land-owning caste of the Lamas excited the populace to resist the intrusion. The most intelligent of those Buddhist priests were the most obnoxious. For they were apprehensive of Indian competition in the tea-trade, of which they enjoy a lucrative monopoly. Though it is doubtful whether we could export anything so bad as the tea-bricks which are in favour everywhere among the Thibetans, and the more delicate growths of Darjeeling or Assam would gain nothing when warmed up with salt and butter. As for the physical obstacles, they were nearly as serious. The whole journey lay over an innumerable succession of passes, all springing with more or less rugged ascents from the ravine-seamed level of the great Thibetan plateau. The best roads are tracks worn by the baggage animals, for there are no wheeled carriages in the country. Late autumn was passing into winter; the weather was stormy, and the snow sometimes lay thick. Captain Bower says very little of sensational incidents; but there are significant entries, day after day, of ponies giving out and mules left behind. Forage was generally scarce, and the wolves were plentiful, prowling about the tent ropes with singular audacity. A great difficulty was to procure honest guides, and the guides when obtained or impressed deserted on the slightest provocation. Once they actually made a start for their homes, resigning long arrears of pay, and abandoning all their personal property. The truth is, that everywhere the peasants were impressed by the not unreasonable fear of being put to death or having their property confiscated for giving aid and comfort to strangers. The comparatively peaceful and pastoral nomads showed themselves aggressive enough, but the expedition was in more serious peril from the Chupkas, or professional brigands, who raid the country in organized gangs, driving away herds of sheep and camels before them. Possibly it owed its immunity from attack to the fact that rumours had been circulated to the effect that the Europeans carried formidable firearms. So once a fanatical armed mob, numbering nearly three thousand men, was quelled by the knowledge that there was a battery of half a dozen breech-loaders before them. Not that they knew anything of the deadly action of the breech-loader, but it was unknown and therefore terrible. Captain Bower never neglected his surveys, and the result is an excellent and elaborate map of the route. Sometimes his observations in the fanatical cities were conducted at sunset, under the guise of devotions; the theodolite passing, probably, for a kind of prayer-wheel. But the map is singularly destitute of names; and the long succession of the camps has very sensibly been marked by numbers. First, because most of the plateau is a bleak and howling wilderness; secondly, perhaps, because many of the insignificant groups of houses at the halting-places are nameless; but chiefly because, like the Cretans, all the Thibetans are shameless liars, and it is impossible to believe a word they say. That spirit of lying seems to inspire the most debased with a quick imaginative faculty; and when Captain Bower asked the name of a lake or a mountain, each savage was ready with a different answer. For beneath the order of the dignified clergy, semi-savages they all are. They are filthy in their persons and disgusting in their manners. But in justice it should be said that the filth is very much an affair of temperature, and Captain Bower greatly simplified his own toilet arrangements, and he confesses to no craving for tubs, when

travelling on those storm-swept steppes some 16,000 feet above the sea-level.

Beyond his vivid descriptions of the country and its inhabitants, Captain Bower has brought back three important facts. First, that nowhere are social distinctions more sharply defined, and wealth more unequally distributed. A small number of the Lamas are enormously rich; and they jealously close their Gompas to strangers, lest the secrets of their costly luxury should be disclosed. The wealth is squeezed by superstitious terrors from the mass of the population, which is oppressed, steeped in ignorance, and wretchedly poor. Secondly, the Chinese Ambans, solemnly commissioned from Peking, pretend to an authority which is entirely shadowy, the Lamas being everywhere the real masters. Thirdly, the Chinese as civilians are steadily invading the country from the eastward, and are likely ere long, by the inevitable processes of survival and elimination, to annex the most fertile and picturesque provinces. As it is, in these Eastern parts no one in the mixed population seems to know at present whether he owes allegiance to Lassa or Peking.

It is a sharp change of scene and temperature from the plateaux of Thibet to the sandy wastes of torrid Somali Land. But, by a somewhat remarkable coincidence, Lord Wolverton is as modest as, and even more concise than, Captain Bower. We wish he had gone into much greater detail; for he merely tantalizes us when we expect to share his excitement. He takes the cafile of sixty-six camels, besides other animals, across one hundred miles of waterless desert in a paragraph or so, and disposes of half a dozen of lions in about as many shots as sentences. To be sure, he and his companion, Colonel Arthur Paget, did, for the most part, shoot "plumb centre"; but still the lions would occasionally charge home, and bespatter the sportsmen's boots in their dying agonies. There can be no doubt that Somali Land is for the present the lion-slayer's paradise. The country immediately behind Berbera is sported over in the meantime by officers getting leave from the Aden garrison. Beyond that, and guarded by the wide belt of waterless wilderness, are pastoral and tolerably populous districts where the lions and panthers have it all their own way. Like the man-eating tigers of India, they infest the neighbourhood of villages, though seldom singly, but rather in troops, and, as they have no experience of more dangerous weapons than the bow and spear, they are literally devoid of fear. So it was that Lord Wolverton and his friend had little difficulty in finding the game in profusion, though, if their nerves had not been trustworthy, they must assuredly have come to grief. Sometimes they watched near a corpse, sometimes they picketed a high-scented donkey, and again they would take up the trail of some murdering marauder, and follow him to the thicket or ravine where he had laid up. The chief perils, besides, were from crocodiles in crossing the rivers, and from the fevers which, at one time or another, prostrated most of the party and nearly carried off its chief. We may add that, an expedition conducted on such a scale, and with such comparative comfort, can only be carried out by a wealthy man. Moreover, Lord Wolverton was not neglectful of the interests of geographical science. The third European of the party was Mr. Vine, a professional cartographer, who has carefully constructed an admirable map.

The selection of random articles which Mr. Forbes strings together in his "Souvenirs" does not show off his style to advantage. Many of them treat of almost identical subjects, and thus we have a somewhat ludicrous redundancy of the far-fetched and mouth-filling phrases which come so naturally to the pen of the man who graduated as a sensational war correspondent. Homeric periods about Plevna and the Shipka and hurtling shells begin to lose their effect with incessant repetition. Nevertheless all the articles, but especially those which are descriptive of actual events and real personages, are full of interest and of personal interest. Mr. Forbes was a model and almost unique war correspondent. He had an iron constitution; he was absolutely fearless; his sagacious estimates of probabilities amounted to an instinct; and to extraordinary promptitude of resolution he united the gift of reeling off any quantity of luridly effective "copy" under any conceivable circumstances. He seems, besides, to have had the capacity for getting on exceptionally well with the men of audacity and action who were always to the front; and he tells of the fast friendships, begotten of common dangers and hardships, which he formed in the higher ranks of the Russians and Germans. Perhaps his staunchest ally was Skobelev, and the admiration and friendship appear to have been mutual. He ranks Skobelev among the greatest of generals; but had Skobelev been placed in the highest and most responsible commands, he must have learned to control his madcap daring. Among other hare-brained escapades of the chivalrous scapegrace, we are told how, by way of demonstrating to his father, who was in command of the Cossacks, that it would be practicable to swim



the Danube at the head of his corps of irregular cavalry, he undertook to swim that river himself. He and a faithful Kirghiz who always accompanied him did struggle on to the opposite shore. As for three unlucky troopers who made up the escort, those victims of foolhardiness involuntarily stopped in mid-stream, and their bodies were washed up on one of the islands. As Mr. Forbes drily remarks, it was generally considered in military circles that the elder Skobeleff had acted wisely in hesitating to accept his son's suggestion.

#### QUAIN'S DICTIONARY OF MEDICINE.

*A Dictionary of Medicine.* By Various Writers. Edited by Sir Richard Quain, Bart., M.D. A new edition, revised throughout and enlarged. 2 vols. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1894.

THE new edition of Quain's Dictionary will be heartily welcomed, not only by the medical profession, but by a much larger public. It has fully established its position as a standard work of reference, which ought to find a place in every good library. No other publication of the kind contains such a comprehensive and authoritative compendium of modern medical knowledge, so conveniently arranged and packed into so small a compass. The new edition is at once justified by the very large sale of its predecessor and demanded by the striking progress of medical science during the twelve years that have elapsed since the original edition appeared in 1882. Sir Richard Quain and his assistant-editors have performed the arduous task of revising the whole book, and embodying what is best out of the immense mass of new material contributed by recent research, on the whole, thoroughly and judiciously; while the publishers for their part have introduced some material improvements. The result is a new, enlarged, and in every respect a better book. We are particularly glad to notice the improved type, which is both larger and blacker than before. It certainly behoves a medical book to set a good example in this respect, and the old print was very trying to the eyes. The change involves some increase in size in addition to that due to new matter, but in the two-volume form, which alone is issued now, this is not a serious drawback. The number of pages has been increased from 1,816 to 2,483, and the list of contributors is lengthened by the addition of 50 new names, some of whom, however, merely replace old ones.

Before going on to notice some of the chief alterations and additions, we are bound to say that the Dictionary still contains some very weak points. That the writing should be unequal and some articles far better than others is, of course, unavoidable in a compilation of this magnitude, involving the co-operation of so many writers, each of whom signs his own work, and is responsible for it. We have no wish to be hypercritical, and readily acknowledge the impossibility of maintaining a uniform standard of excellence. But some of the work is open to stronger condemnation; it is not merely less good than the rest, but positively bad, or, at any rate, quite unworthy of a place in the Dictionary. In a first edition it might pass, out of regard to an editor's difficulties; but in a second he should surely exercise his discretion, and place the subject in more competent hands. To show that we are not speaking at random, take the article on Asiatic Cholera—an important subject possessing particular interest just now. The article has been revised, but is from first to last most inadequate. We could fill a page with its faults of omission and commission, but will merely refer to two points—diagnosis and treatment. With regard to the first, the writer never even mentions the use of bacteriological examination at all. He need not approve of it; but in the year 1894, when it has been adopted, rightly or wrongly, by the whole medical world, including ourselves, as the one and only decisive test, he is bound to mention it. He holds that Asiatic cholera is easily diagnosed from choleraic diarrhoea at the bedside; that "it is difficult, except on paper, to confound the two diseases," although he admits "he is unable to lay down any hard-and-fast rules by means of which he could define the difference that exists between the symptoms." This means simply diagnosis by intuition or impression; differences which cannot be defined have for science no existence. And, as a matter of fact, whatever may be the case in India, choleraic diarrhoea and Asiatic cholera are in Europe sometimes so clinically alike that it is impossible, "except on paper," to distinguish them. That fact, which is of the gravest practical importance, was brought out so emphatically by the epidemic of 1892-93, and endorsed so universally by medical authority, that it now forms one of the principles of Government action in the prevention of cholera throughout the Continent. With regard to the treatment, it will be sufficient to say that no mention whatever is made of the initial aperient method, of saline injections or hot

baths in collapse. The first is a controverted point of much importance; the second, a proceeding of doubtful value, but very great interest; the third is an old and simple remedy, of which experience has proved the value. None of them should have been omitted in a book which aims at "bringing together the latest and most complete information" for the benefit of the practitioner.

Having said so much, we will leave the disagreeable task of finding fault, merely adding that the number of really unsatisfactory articles is very small, and that they may perhaps be accounted for by the difficulty which some writers find in selecting and condensing their material. Of the new articles the most important are, of course, those called for by the prodigious development of bacteriology during the past decade. The principal subject has been entrusted to Professor Greenfield, who contributes an admirable essay on "Micro-organisms." Bacteriologists, who are apt to be a sanguine and rather pugnacious race, may not altogether approve of his cautious and dispassionate tone, but to other people his masterly and judicious summary will seem beyond praise. The condensation of the enormous mass of material, widely differing in value, that has gathered round bacteriology is a task of extreme difficulty; and he has, we think, been wise in choosing to "devote especial attention to the present standpoint of the subject and the modes by which it is studied, and only to outline briefly those parts in which our knowledge is at present liable to rapid modification." Accordingly, while dealing pretty fully with the characters of bacteria, the methods of handling them, and the ascertained facts regarding the special pathogenic varieties that have been identified with more or less certainty, he touches very briefly on the more obscure problems, and is especially cautious with regard to practical results and prospects in the treatment or prevention of disease. He has been assisted in the article by Dr. Robert Muir, who is responsible for the section on anthrax. Dr. Sidney Martin writes on the subsidiary subjects of "Immunity" and "Phagocytosis," and succeeds in embodying the results of recent research on these very modern topics with admirable brevity, clearness, and discretion. They have exceptional interest, because it is in this direction that the promise of bacteriology seems at present to lie. Dr. Martin's eminently scientific and judicious account of the present state of knowledge shows, equally with Dr. Greenfield's, that, while several promising lines of investigation have been opened up, no decisive results have been yet obtained in any of them, and that extravagant hopes would be altogether premature. More light and additional evidence are wanted in every direction. There can be no manner of doubt that this is the only sound and scientific attitude to assume, and we have no hesitation in saying that the treatment of these new and profoundly absorbing topics is quite worthy of the Dictionary and of the medical profession in England.

Public health is another subject which has undergone considerable change of late years. The original article on the main subject, contributed by the late Dr. E. A. Parkes, has been rewritten and enlarged by Sir George Buchanan; but there is also a new and valuable article on "Sanitary Law," by Mr. W. A. Cason, barrister-at-law, another on "Vital Statistics," by Dr. Whitelegge, and a third on "Quarantine," by Mr. Shirley Murphy, the last replacing an old one. A quotation from Sir George Buchanan on the subject of sewage-disposal is worth making:—

'Some method of land-treatment appears to be the only one which is capable of satisfactorily purifying the sewage, producing an affluent of sufficient purity to be admissible into any stream, and at the same time utilizing to some extent the valuable manurial ingredients of the sewage, so that these are not utterly wasted as they are in all precipitation methods. It appears certain that neither irrigation sewage-farms nor filter-beds, when properly managed, and at a reasonable distance from houses, are anywhere injurious to the public health.'

Disinfection, which is one of the group of sanitary subjects, might well have been allowed a new article in view of the light thrown upon it by recent investigation, but we only have the old one somewhat modified. More attention is devoted to the use of moist as opposed to dry heat, and perchloride of mercury is added to the list of chemical disinfectants. It is curious, by the way, to reflect that this substance, the beloved *sublimat* of our Continental neighbours, and first favourite everywhere among germicides, should only twelve years ago have found no place in the list of disinfectants. The article in the new Dictionary, though good as far as it goes, cannot be said to be very modern or very complete, and we are quite certain that no sanitary officer who knows his work will derive much help from it.

Among other new articles we notice a modest and too brief one on "Massage," by Dr. J. F. Little, who might very well have made more of his subject; two by Dr. Sidney Martin on "Albumoses" and "Albumosuria," novel subjects on which he is an authority; one on the "Spectroscope in Medicine," containing a coloured plate representing the spectra of various pigments, by Dr. C. A. MacMunn, and so on. More important than any of these is one on "Multiple Neuritis," by Dr. Charlton Bastian. The writer remarks that "this is a very important affection concerning which our knowledge has been very greatly increased during the last twelve years." This is almost less than the truth, for twelve years ago it was not definitely recognized as an affection at all. The case is an interesting illustration of the gradual way in which progress is won in medical science. Many of the symptoms had long been familiar, but it had not occurred to any one to group them together and refer them to a distinct disease, until Dr. Leyden suggested this view in 1881. "The gain thereby to practical medicine," says Dr. Bastian, "has been great, since it has enabled us to recognize many frequently recurring affections which were formerly either not at all, or very imperfectly, understood, and which were for the most part vaguely referred to affections of the spinal cord." When once "multiple neuritis" had been pointed out, it was seen to stare the doctor in the face at every turn. Busy practitioners will be glad to have a compendious account of this "new" disorder which they have seen, without knowing it, pretty nearly every day of their lives.

The great sections of medicine, such as "Diseases of the Lungs," "Diseases of the Heart," "Tubercle," and the principal fevers, remain for the most part as they were; but in nearly all of them some new features have been introduced, more or less in connexion with bacteriology. In "Diseases of the Heart," the chapter on "Ulcerative Endocarditis" has undergone important modifications, and that affection is now fully treated by itself as a special infective disease. Similarly, in "Inflammation of the Lungs," we have a notable advance of opinion indicated in the following terms:—

"The old view that pneumonia is a simple local inflammation, accompanied by a symptomatic pyrexia, would appear to be no longer tenable, and although a complete pathology of the disease must await further investigations, the present position of our knowledge makes it in the highest degree probable that it is a *general infective disease*, closely allied to the acute specific fevers."

The section on "Tubercle," again, has received very considerable additions dealing with the bacteriological aspects of the subject; in which Dr. Gee, who wrote the original article, has been assisted by Dr. Percy Kidd. It is characteristic of Dr. Gee's singularly logical habit of mind that the revolution effected in the study of tubercle since 1882 by Dr. Koch's discoveries has necessitated no change in the body of the old article; the new matter falls naturally into its place at the end, merely completing the discussion of the subject. On the other hand, the old articles on the exceedingly important subjects of Croup and Diphtheria have disappeared, and are replaced by entirely new ones, contributed by Dr. Robert Maguire. He has done his work very well, but he might have devoted a little more attention to the question of the alarming increase of diphtheria, which has become the despair of sanitary science.

The one point in which little or no general advance is recorded touches the public most nearly of all, and that is treatment. On the whole, treatment seems to have stood still, with the exception of the recent brilliant results obtained in "Myxoedema," which are incorporated in Dr. Ord's article on that disease.

#### HIEROGLYPHIC BIBLES.

*Hieroglyphic Bibles; their Origin and History: a hitherto Unwritten Chapter of Bibliography.* By W. A. Clouston. And *A New Hieroglyphic Bible Told in Stories.* By Frederick A. Laing. Glasgow: Bryce & Son. 1894.

IF a great book is a great evil, what is a great book on a small subject? The bibliography of those nursery volumes of woodcuts which are sometimes attributed to Bewick, and in which some children may have taken a languid interest, seems to have been hardly worth writing. Mr. Clouston has devoted some of his energies to discovering how far Bewick was concerned in the production, and which of the editions was his; and so far we are well content. But at the best it is very difficult even for an enthusiastic bibliographer to care very much about the history of a book which is still very common, and which was always very silly. It is probable that Thomas Bewick, while he was still unknown to fame, did engrave a series of little cuts of so-called hieroglyphics. The idea of "A Youth's Visible Bible" was started, we believe, in Germany; and in 1783 appeared the first

edition of "A Curious Hieroglyphic Bible." This edition, no doubt from its being used as a child's book, has become so scarce that Mr. Clouston has failed to see a copy, the earliest in the British Museum being the second edition published in 1784. Down to the year 1812 there were no fewer than twenty-four editions. The book was published by Hodgson, who probably employed Thomas Bewick on it. The late Mr. Hugo, who, with characteristic inaccuracy, always made a mistake when he got a chance, attributed the cuts to John Bewick; but John did not go to London for many years after his more famous brother had returned to Newcastle.

Mr. Clouston gives some copies of pages from this little volume. Thus:—"Thy," then a figure of a lady in a striking attitude; "shall be as a fruitful," then a plant embellished with bunches of grapes; "by the sides of thine" very Bewickian cottage; "and thy," naughty-looking little boys playing at marbles; "like olive plants about thy" hearse-like object covered with a fringed pall, and supposed to represent a table. There are emblematic pictures of the Evangelists, a hymn entitled "Doomsday," and a catechism which ends with what Mr. Clouston describes as a comforting statement as to what is to become of the wicked when they die. There are several different editions issued at Dublin, York, Derby, and other places, including one at Manchester as late as 1841. Of course the new version by Mr. Laing must now be included in any list. It is altogether more magnificent than the friend of our youth, and the little cuts are delicately coloured. It may be a question whether Mr. Clouston's task was worth undertaking, but, it cannot be denied, he has done it extremely well.

#### LORD BRASSEY'S NAVAL PAPERS AND ADDRESSES.

*Papers and Addresses by Lord Brassey, K.C.B., D.C.L.—Naval and Maritime, from 1872 to 1893.* Arranged and edited by Captain S. Eardley-Wilmot, R.N. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1894.

THESE two volumes contain a collection of the letters to the *Times*, and pamphlets, speeches in Parliament or elsewhere, written or delivered by Lord Brassey since 1872 on naval matters. We gather that it is not complete. When Lord Brassey left for India to serve on the Opium Commission, he entrusted the editing of the volumes to Captain Eardley-Wilmot, R.N., who appears from the preface to have used the power entrusted to him to make excisions. Captain Eardley-Wilmot asks for indulgence for shortcomings, but as we have not the means of comparing the material he had to arrange in its original form with the edited version, we cannot undertake to say whether he has fallen short of any possible better standard than that here attained. The two volumes certainly appear to give a very full collection of Lord Brassey's studies. It is hardly necessary to say that they will be of interest to all who care for the subject. There is always good sense in what Lord Brassey has to say on the navy, and his knowledge, gained by official experience and independent study, is considerable. The three score numbers or so of which the two volumes consist deal with a great variety of subjects, or rather with many phases of the same subject. The strength of the navy at different periods, debated points of shipbuilding policy, the supply of seamen, the value of ports of war on foreign stations, these and kindred subjects are treated in various forms, and some of them several times. Some curious points of comparison are to be found in this prolonged survey of our naval strength, and it must be allowed that they are not all encouraging. The first paper reprinted is a pamphlet published in 1872. Lord (then Mr.) Brassey was able at that date to declare that our ironclad fleet was "superior to the united navies of the world," and that "we no longer observe with anxiety the naval development of France." When Lord Brassey spoke to the Calcutta Chamber of Commerce on December 8, 1893, things had altered very materially. The naval development of France, and not of France only, had become an object to be observed "with anxiety." Since 1872 a number of Powers have taken to spending money freely on ships, and our fleet of ocean-going ironclads has no longer the relative position it had in numbers. Nor, given money, the leisure of a long peace, and the determination to possess ships, do we well see how this result was to be avoided. Lord Brassey has been a steady opponent of very big vessels, and we find him coming back all through these papers to the unwisdom of putting too many of our eggs into one basket. On this point Lord Brassey, and the many naval officers who agree with him, have to confess that they have not converted the world, for the battle-ships which are being built to-day are larger than those which were thought too large in 1872. We could wish that Lord Brassey had argued the question out more fully from his point of view, and had not been content to give so often what is little more than a statement of opinion.



## AUSTRALIAN TALES.

*Tales of the Austral Tropics.* By Ernest Favenc. London: Osgood, Mellvaine, & Co. 1894.

MR. FAVENC'S stories of tropical Australia—Queensland, the North and Kimberley district—are introduced by a preface of praise from Mr. Rolf Boldrewood, which in itself is a sufficient guarantee of good work in the eyes of the judicious. No reviewer, in fact, could better such testimony. We once heard an enthusiastic Queenslander, whose experience of Australia is as varied and extensive as experience can be, say of Mr. Boldrewood's romances that there is "all Australia" in them, and to read them was to live the life and to know the land—so fresh and strong and true is the writer's presentation of both. The veracity, therefore, of Mr. Favenc's stories may be taken as incontestable. "That they are not less true than terrible," writes Mr. Boldrewood, "I take it upon myself to affirm, and that such is far from being the case with the larger proportion of literary manufacture professing to describe Australian life and character, I most distinctly assert." Mr. Favenc, it seems, enjoys a considerable reputation. His name is a household word among bushmen and bookmen from Albany to Thursday Island, from "the Gulf" to the Snowy River, and the waste solitudes of the "Never-never land" are familiar to him as highways. "He has tempted the desert Sphinx, gazed upon gold matrix and opal hoards which gleamed in mockery of the exhausted wanderer." Some of the stories in Mr. Favenc's book tell of strange adventures in the Australian wilderness, of the mirage-like effects of heat and drought in the desert interior, its appalling silence and desolate monotony. The characteristic features of the land are painted with wonderful power in "A Cup of Cold Water," "A Haunt of the Jinkarras," "Spirit-led," "That Other Fellow," to name a few of the thirteen examples. The power of Mr. Favenc's pictures does not lie wholly in brilliant definition or mere vividness of features. Firmly and with breadth he paints the landscape, and with a few magical touches gives unity of effect to the whole.

In "A Cup of Cold Water" we feel, with something like an apprehensive thrill, the physical hideousness of the grim, endless scrub and its mocking mirages. Mr. Favenc does not describe the scene, but makes it to be felt as a sensible presence. Thus the significance of "Spinifex" is brought home to us, and the eloquence of the term "Never-never country," with all its suggested horror and despair. The soil, the air, the vegetation—these and other elements assume the importance they bear to the eyes of the wanderer in the desert. They are felt as influences by the reader, and not insisted upon, or described in detail by the writer. To be lost in the terrible Australian desert is a bad business even when a man still has his horse with him; but a worse lot is his who finds himself entrapped there, robbed of the means of escape, and abandoned by a treacherous partner. Such is the tale unfolded in "A Cup of Cold Water." A wild vengeance is exacted by the son of the man who is lured to his horrid fate in the desert. There is a touch of pathos in the late relenting of the avenger which dignifies the tragedy, and at the same time increases the impression of horror prodigiously. "That Other Fellow" is another tragedy of the desert, and is told with the same unconscious art. Truly uncanny is the story of "Jinkarras," which is extracted from the diary of a man found drowned. The "Jinkarra," of whom tradition tells as inhabiting the McDonnell range and other parts of the interior, is a creature neither man nor beast, but a kind of link between the two. Probably he is the genuine aboriginal savage, or rather, the traditional type of the Australian when Australians were cave-dwellers, preserved by traditional legend among the natives of central Australia. Searching for rubies two white men encounter these creatures in some vast caverns of the mountains, and never again see daylight alive, as this gruesome story of the diary goes to prove. Perhaps the strangest of all these strange stories is the ghostly and inexplicable tale of the man whose hair went white in a single night, like the Prisoner of Chillon's, through sudden fright caused by his narrow escape from premature burial while in a cataleptic condition. His experiences during this state afford excellent material for the consideration of the Society for Psychical Research. The effect of his story on his companions is not unnatural. They regard him as almost a ghost, and it is by him that they are induced to start on a mad adventure after treasure, "spirit-led" by this white-haired and mysterious man into ghostly relations with an extremely distant and romantic past. The sequel is an admirable climax in a thrilling and finely conceived story. But we must not give Mr. Favenc's stories away. They must be read in the original tongue, for theirs is the racy vigour that defies translation of any kind.

## FRENCH LITERATURE.

*Mémoires du Chancelier Pasquier.* Tome quatrième. Paris: Plon.  
*La flotte de guerre et les arsenaux.* Par Emile Weyl. Paris: Plon.  
*Chapu, sa vie et son œuvre.* Par O. Fidière. Paris: Plon.  
*Les histoires de St.-Hubert.* Par Manchecourt et Crafty. Paris: Plon.  
*Vingt jours dans le nouveau monde.* Par Octave Uzanne. Paris: May et Motteroz.  
*Le mariage de Chiffon.* Par Gyp. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

WITH its fourth volume the *Mémoires* of Pasquier also enters its second "part." Nobody has yet succeeded in writing an interesting history of the fifteen last years of the old Monarchy of France, and we cannot say that the Chancellor-Duke, the characteristic of whose *Mémoires* hitherto has not exactly been interest, has been more fortunate than others. But, to do him justice, he aimed neither at interest nor at a history; and his *Mémoires*, coming as they do after those of Villèle, Hyde de Neuville, Barante, and others, leave the man of destiny, whoever he may be, with no excuse on the score of paucity of material or deficiency of information. But the men and the incidents of the Restoration are somehow or other tinged with the *mesquinerie* which has weighed on France ever since Waterloo. They have not exactly the shabbiness of the July Monarchy, or the flashiness of the Second Empire, or the futile fumbling of the Third Republic. But no one seems to know what to be at—to have a principle, a conviction, nay, even so much as a solid, open-eyed, steadily straining ambition. Men grope, and flit, and twitter like the Homeric shades; and the best of them, among whom Pasquier himself may be fairly classed, are not much better than very respectable clerks.

M. Emile Weyl is a recognized specialist in matters naval, and these matters have been so much debated in his own country and others of late, that hardly anybody but a specialist is in a position to handle dealings with them. As befits a small book, M. Weyl's is rather an exposition than a discussion; but discussion is by no means wanting in it.

M. Fidière has made an interesting, as well as a complete and handsome, book of his notice of the sculptor Chapu. It is freely illustrated, and of one of these illustrations, the "Danseuse," we may say that, if it does not flatter the original, it represents one of the happiest sculptural inspirations of our day—a piece as remote from the impressionist roughness of the younger school as from the prettified mannerism of the elder. In fact, this was very much Chapu's position; but "in medio tutissimus" is perhaps not universally true, and he sometimes suffered from right-hand defections and left-hand fallings off. The famous "La Jeunesse" seems to us inferior to the "Danseuse." Although there was not much to tell in the sculptor's quiet life, and not even a great number of anecdotes, M. Fidière has handled it well, and made the most of both. Perhaps the best anecdote is that, at the beginning of his career, a thrifty *charcutier* commissioned a model of something in lard, offering it to the artist as his fee, and that Chapu's equally thrifty mother made him accept it.

Perhaps both "Manchecourt" (whom men say to be M. Lavedan) and "Crafty" have done more interesting work than *Les histoires de St.-Hubert*, but these are quite amusing enough. "The Water Bailiff" is good, but "The Shepherdess," recounted pictorially in double as an actual incident and a mediæval pastourelle, is better. We have the misfortune not to be amused by "La tête de la dame," but others will pass very well.

The first, we think, of the summer Guide-Albums this year is M. Octave Uzanne's, based on his trip to Chicago. The letter-press, as old readers of his will know beforehand, is light and pleasant, and generally well informed (though we should be glad to know why M. Uzanne refers to "Jack and the Bean Stalk" as a "conte américain"); and the illustrations, as the names of the publishers will also make clear beforehand, are numerous, well drawn, and well executed.

"Gyp," always charming, has not often been more so than in *Le mariage de Chiffon*. Chiffon, otherwise Coryse, otherwise Corysande d'Avesnes, has the defect of talking slang, and, we regret to add, that of remarking when somebody observes that the English do so and so, "Parce qu'ils sont des mufles." But these, with one other little matter to which we shall refer presently, are her only vices. She cannot be said to behave badly even to her detestable mother, and it would be impossible for any young person of sixteen to refuse a duke of six-and-forty with a greater mixture of good sense and good feeling. She is, indeed, rather less merciful to the young and needy son of the crusaders who succeeds M. le Duc d'Aubières in honourable retreat, but then this misguided young man was a pupil of the Jesuits (Gyp has become quite a *Jesuitenfresserin*), and dressed like an Englishman, and committed other crimes. Also Chiffon is as correct as possible in her behaviour to the Prince or Count d'Axe, and is very charming to her step-

father, not to mention her stepfather's brother, whom, indeed—but that is the story of the book. And as you may marry your own uncle under the dispensation of Rome, how much more your mother's second husband's brother? Most of the scenes are delightful, but if Gyp had consulted an English muffle, that English muffle would have said "O Gyp adorée! leave out the Socialism. It is not amusing (in thy own beautiful language) for two halfpennies, the Socialism!"

Of publications requiring less individual notice, we have before us a card of *French Genders at a Glance* (London: Nutt; Reading: Langley), by "Readingensis." The specialty is the printing of masculine terminations or exceptions in black, of feminine in red. The necessity of running such tables over several pages has always been an awkward one, and the various distinctions adopted have too seldom been clear. Here the whole thing can really be seen almost "at a glance." The twenty-sixth series of M. Camille Flammarion's *Dictionnaire encyclopédique* (Paris: Flammarion) has appeared.

#### NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE need of "something else than the eternal round of uninspired work" has moved Mr. Charles G. Harper to write *A Practical Handbook of Drawing for Methods of Reproduction* (Chapman & Hall). A sounder plea there could not be than this. But why is the greater part of the illustration of to-day inartistic and uninspired? Mr. Henry Blackburn thinks it were well if those who draw for process reproduction should know something of the technical methods employed in process; but, as we have insisted already, that knowledge would not in itself suffice to remedy the evil. The popular rage for "illustration" is largely responsible for the toleration of feeble work by the public. "Everywhere to-day," says Mr. Harper, "is the illustrator [artist he may not always be], for never was illustration so marketable as now." The demand, in fact, has created the supply, and this, with the cheapness of the modern processes, has provided a new outlet for those who would "go in for black-and-white." There are innumerable "aspirants," as Mr. Harper observes, but what is wanted in them is the vocation—"the feeling for beauty of line and for decoration, and the powers both of idealizing and of selection." It seems like a truism, all this, and no more than saying that what is wanted is the artist. Now, in pen-drawing, of which Mr. Harper does chiefly treat, there are practitioners enough, and journalists without style he thinks they are for the most part. He is so distressed by the number of these illustrators that he thinks it ought "to give any newcomer pause before he adds himself to their number." This may be good advice, though we fear it will prove as little effectual as most good advice. However, Mr. Harper is not without hope. He believes there is a better period setting in, a period of "instructed sobriety," and the era of mannerism and experiment is near its end. With regard to one little matter concerning book-illustration, we think that authors might do something more than they do as co-operators with artists. Mr. Harper compares the illustrators of Dickens with illustrators of the fiction of the day, and finds the illustrations to Mr. Hardy's novels and Mr. Stevenson's less satisfactory. "Certainly," he remarks, "there is not at this time so ready a field for character-drawing as Dickens presented." Here, we think, Mr. Harper is scarcely just to the novelists, and a little wide of the mark. If novelists were as keen critics of the artist's work as Dickens was, and followed the excellent plan of Dickens in offering suggestions and corrections to the artists as the proofs of the illustrations came before them, the gain to both author and artist would be considerable. Mr. Harper's technical exposition of the principal processes—"swelled gelatine," and "albumen," and "bitumen"—is illustrated by drawings showing the comparative results of these reproductive methods; and in dealing with pen-drawing he expounds the technical means at length, with practical advice as to the apparatus—pens, ink, paper, and so forth—as befits a practical Handbook on the subject.

The third, and concluding, volume of Mr. Sherard's translation of the Méneval *Memoirs* (Hutchinson & Co.) exhibits those personal characteristics in the writer on which we have commented in as remarkable a fashion as in the previous volumes. The glorification of Napoleon is the moving principle with his devoted servant. Perhaps no instance of this amiable instinct is more striking than the account of Napoleon's heroic conduct during the retreat from Russia, and at the passage of the Beresina. Never, we are assured, was Napoleon's coolness and courage, his genius in action, his skill and energy, more victoriously displayed than at this critical hour. Napoleon entered France once more, after this flight or rout from Russia, as great,

perhaps greater, than when he left Paris for that disastrous adventure. Such is Méneval's admiring verdict. But, though there is matter for smiles in his ingenuous chronicle, there is also in this last volume a genuine sense of the tragic element in the fate of the "Man of Destiny" that finds pathetic expression. Not unaffecting, for example, is the curious and impressive account of the ghostly phantasm of Napoleon which appeared to Méneval in a drawing-room at the Tuileries soon after the news of his death reached Paris (p. 482). For the rest, the interest of the work is sustained to the very last pages, and must be acknowledged to be little less than absorbing.

The latest publication of the Cumberland and Westmoreland Antiquarian and Archaeological Society, *The Royal Charters of the City of Carlisle* (Carlisle: Thurnam; London: Elliot Stock), is a striking proof of the Society's enterprise, and an important addition to the considerable library of historical and antiquarian lore and annals collected since it was organized. The present volume is edited by Chancellor Ferguson, who has authorized the illustration of the subject by some interesting plans of the ancient City, its "Soccage lands," and so forth, concerning which the editor gives an explanatory account in the appendix. The work of translating and transcribing the Charters has been done by Mr. W. de Gray Birch, and the book is produced at the expense of the Mayor and Corporation of Carlisle.

There are some, we fancy, who would not think of a guide-book to climbing in England without thought of the famous chapter on snakes in Iceland. Mr. W. P. Haskett Smith's little gazetteer and dictionary, *Climbing in the British Isles—England* (Longmans & Co.), will convince them of the variety and extent of the climber's field in England. "Nowhere," says the author of this capital handbook, "can the mere manual dexterity of climbing be better acquired than among the fells of Cumberland." The crags of the Lake country may be mere toys to the Alpine climber, but, small as they are, "they have made many and many a fine climber." There is, in short, excellent training ground in England for the young climber, and Mr. Haskett Smith's compact book provides full guidance in all sections of it, with glossary of technical terms, local names, and the rest. His book is very well illustrated with drawings by Mr. Ellis Carr, and since it omits nothing that can be considered a climb, or worthy of the climber's ambition, it should be found in the pocket of every active tourist.

Mr. C. L. Johnstone's *Winter and Summer Excursions in Canada* (Digby, Long, & Co.) is a sober record of travel, and likely, for its unexciting statement of facts, to prove profitable to readers who may be thinking of trying Canada. Mr. Johnstone indulges in no roseate visions of the farmer's prospects in Manitoba and the North-West. The agricultural settler in Canada must work hard for a living, as Mr. Johnstone's observation and experience clearly show, and what hard work means in so trying a climate is vividly illustrated in his interesting and obviously truthful account of his travels.

Mr. Richard Le Gallienne's *Prose Fancies* (Mathews & Lane) comprise journalistic essays, collected from various quarters, and are aptly entitled, since they are marked by much grace and freshness of fancy, and recall the writer's history of Narcissus and his book-bills. That ingenuous person is called to mind by the charming paper, "The Apparition of Youth," and the engaging meditation on "A Borrowed Sovereign."

Mr. Richard Harding Davis, in *Our English Cousins* (Sampson Low & Co.), describes, for the benefit chiefly of Americans, we must believe, the lights and shadows of London life, and such scenes as necessarily attract visitors to England, and have been described times untold by other strangers in our midst. Mr. Davis, of course, went down to Epsom to see the Derby run, and a very pretty sight he found it to be. He was naturally impressed also by the gaiety of Oxford during Commemoration. He found at Oxford "boating" was a much more serious business than it is at Yale or Harvard. Of this kind of discovery there is a good deal in *Our English Cousins*, naturally noted, perhaps, if hardly notable. The book is well illustrated, on the whole.

Several translations of foreign fiction are before us, three of which are from the Russian, each with its introduction to the English reader. Surely it is a little superfluous to "introduce" the novels of Turgenev and other eminent writers in this fashion. What advantage has the English reader of Dostoevsky's *Poor Folk*, done into English by Lena Milman (Mathews & Lane), in the utterly irrelevant preface which Mr. George Moore is pleased to call a "critical introduction" [the italics are ours]? Somewhat more germane to the matter is Stepania's introduction to Turgenev's *Rudin*, translated by Constance Garnett (Heinemann). Mr. Poulteney Bigelow, again, cannot refrain from writing a line, "as a friend of the Russian people," by way of preface to *The War Correspondent* (Osgood, McIlvaine,



& Co.) With regard to *The Red Shirts*, from the French of M. Paul Gault, by J. A. J. de Villiers (Chatto & Windus), some prefatory note on the mysterious Baron de Batz and his plottings is not, in the circumstances, unseasonable, and the translator supplies what is necessary with brevity and point without calling in the expert "introducer."

The new volume of that excellent weekly journal, *Cottage Gardening* (Cassell & Co.), edited by Mr. William Robinson, is stored, as usual, with a wonderful variety of sound practical information for the householder who has a garden, be it in town or country. Week by week, in this halfpenny paper, the various calls upon the round of labour, indoors and out, are discussed or described with an admirable sympathy, and a practical grasp of the subjects that is not less admirable. Poultry and Bees, Cookery and other branches of domestic economy, with all descriptions of gardening operations, enter into the scheme of the paper. We are not surprised to find that the "Correspondence" section of this capital journal is so extensive. The woodcuts and other illustrations are mostly very good.

The volume of *Royal Academy Pictures* (Cassell & Co.), comprising all the separate parts of the supplement to the *Magazine of Art*, is a handsome album of illustrations and a satisfactory memorial of the present exhibition at Burlington House.

Mr. Alfred Cotgreave, chief Librarian of the West Ham Public Libraries, has compiled a *General Catalogue* of the Canning Town Library in that borough, which is one of the best books of its kind we have examined. We have had to comment with some severity of late years upon the slovenly preparation and confused method of various Public Library catalogues. It is the more pleasant, therefore, to find Mr. Cotgreave's work admirable in arrangement, and remarkable for clearness and simplicity of treatment. Although some 14,000 volumes are catalogued, the book is by no means bulky—a result attained without the least overcrowding of the page by the compiler's skill in economizing space. In this respect, to name no other, Mr. Cotgreave's Catalogue is a model example.

The *Annual Register* for 1893 (Longmans & Co.) contains an epitomized chronicle of the year at home and abroad, which is well executed on the whole, and with regard to the political events of the period is adequate and comprehensive. This section of the work is at once the most important and, for reference purposes, the most useful. The day-by-day Chronicle of events and the Obituary of the year are also useful features, and proper to a *Register*. The "Retrospect of Literature, Science, and Art," however, would better harmonize with the scheme of the work if it were more strictly a record, or plain statement, of what the year has brought forth.

From the Columbian History Company of Chicago we have received a second edition of the *History of the World's Columbian Exposition*, produced under the supervision of the Hon. William E. Cameron, and illustrated by portraits and photographs of buildings, &c., reproduced by half-tone process.

The *New Pictorial Guide to London*, in the series of "Illustrated Guide Books" published by Messrs. Ward, Lock, & Bowden, is a compact little book, based on a rational scheme, and well supplied with maps, key-plans, and other useful aids to visitors and strangers.

Among new editions we note Canon Lodge's interesting history of the Marmions and Dymokes, *Scrivelsby, the Home of the Champions* (Elliot Stock); *The Working and Management of an English Railway*, by the late Sir George Findlay (Whittaker & Co.), fifth edition, edited by S. M. Phillp, with illustrations; *Griely Grisell*, by Charlotte M. Yonge (Macmillan & Co.); Pope's translation of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, with notes and introduction by the Rev. T. A. Brockley (Warne & Co.), illustrated with Flaxman's designs; and various reissues, in the "Penny Pocket Library of Pure Literature"—Marryat's *Phantom Ship* and *The Children of the New Forest*, Fenimore Cooper's *Water-witch*—published by the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge.

We have also received a second edition of *Plans for the Government of Boys*, as practised at Hazelwood School (Biggs & Co.); *Sober by Act of Parliament*, by Fred. A. Mackenzie (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.); *The State and its Children*, by Gertrude M. Tuckwell (Methuen & Co.); *A Queer Assortment*, sketches by A. Harvey James (Thacker & Co.); *Set Free*, a Story of To-day, by "Aglaia" (Arrowsmith); *Wife-Lending*; and *Other Sketches*, by Walter James (Reeves); *Squares and Circles*; or, *Profession and Preferment* (Digby, Long, & Co.); *Madagascar*, two Lectures by Captain E. W. Dawson (Haddon & Co.); *The Mountain Stream*, by "Isolo" (Davey & Sons); *Toggenburg and Wil*, by J. Hardmeyer (Zürich: Orell Füssli), "Illustrated Europe" series of guide-books; *The Harrow of the Gumenings*, a chapter of Offa, King of Mercia, translated into English, with

notes, by the Rev. W. Done Bushell (Cambridge: Macmillan & Bowes), and *Harrow in Domesday*, by the Rev. W. Done Bushell (Macmillan & Bowes), being Nos. III. & IV. of "Harrow Octo-centenary Tracts"; *The Prospect of Re-Union with Eastern Christendom*, by W. J. Birkbeck (English Church Union); *A Parish Providence*, by E. M. Lynch (Fisher Unwin); *Poetry, the Press, and the Pulpit*, by A Village Peasant (Digby, Long, & Co.); *New Analyses of Harrogate Waters*, with Observations by Dr. Arthur Roberts (Harrogate: Herald Office); *Journal of the Royal Colonial Institute*, Part VII.; *Defects in Plumbing and Drainage Work*, by Dr. Francis Vacher (Heywood); *Report on the Social Condition of the People*, by J. Nyland (Davey & Sons); and the *Seventh Annual Report of the Battersea Public Libraries*.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MSS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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